

AUGUST 13, 1921

Leslie's

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Painted by James G. Tyler

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DRAWN BY FRANK PAULUS

"Der Tag!"

The sinking of the German dreadnought, Ostfriesland by Martin Bombers off the Virginia Capes during the recent elaborate experiments designed to demonstrate the efficiency of aircraft in attacks

on warcraft. Within twenty-two minutes after the initial 2000-pound bomb was launched, the Ostfriesland went crashing to Dary Jones's locker—the first battleship in history to be sunk by aerial attack.

FOR AMERICAN PROGRESS-AMERICAN IDEALS
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Leslie's

EDITORIALS

Leslie's New Home

ANOTHER forward step for Leslie's benefit! All the departments of The Leslie-Judge Company are now housed in a commodious building forming a part of the large printing plant of William Green, Inc. This insures their complete co-ordination and a maximum of publication efficiency. Henceforth Leslie's address will be:

627 West 43d Street, New York City

Motion and Promotion

ONCE upon a time, west of the Rocky Mountains, boost was a synonym for bunk. The best citizen was closely related to the biggest liar. That was the day when bank notes grew on apple trees, and ranch mortgages were raised between the rows. Thousands of young Americans followed Horace Greeley's advice, and went West. They also followed the colored booklets' advice and went broke.

As a result, for some time colored booklets and booster literature found no audience east of the Missouri River. Orchard land went begging and land prospectuses went into the waste basket. The big red apple went the way of lightning rods and gold bricks.

Now, we are pleased to note there has come a change o'er the spirit of their dreams. For conservatism, self-restraint and sound sense, nothing could exceed the chamber of commerce literature from certain sections of the Pacific Northwest. Affidavits of profits replace extravagant claims; and one community issues this chastened pronouncement: "We want more settlers—settlers who are willing to work—but we want more than that to properly take care of those settlers we now have. A contented and prosperous community is our best advertisement."

Wise words. Common honesty is not only the best morals, but the best business.

Machines and the Man

VAACHEL LINDSAY, the poet, who once walked half-way across the Continent, paying his way by reciting his own verses, and in general preaching the gospel of beauty, is a regular American from the cornbelt, who takes his countrymen as he finds them. As he finds them pretty much in automobiles these days he must needs accept the latter, too, although his personal taste would be for more shoe-leather and simplicity.

The trouble with motorists, he tells us, is that they always want to go too far and too fast to suit Lindsay, who would like to spend more time looking about him on the way. This impulse does, however, put through good roads, and it gets people as far away from home as the National Parks, which are wondrous and beautiful.

Lindsay finds that Americans have a natural bent for

mechanics, which the flivver helps to satisfy, and he thinks that there is almost no conceivable mechanical aid to ordinary living—the sort of things which Ruskin shivered at and of which H. G. Wells approves—which Americans would not take to like ducks to water. This sounds plausible, but we should like to see the acceptance of this mechanistic program tempered with a good deal of the tough human self-respect expressed by the novelist, Joseph Conrad, in his remarks, in his recent book of essays, on the sinking of the *Titanic*. Conrad, as everybody knows, knew the sea as a practical sailor-man before the days of floating hotels, and he is bitterly contemptuous of those, who, dazzled by mere size and mechanistic glamour, chattered of this vast floating tank as "unsinkable."

Machinery is all right as a servant; the trouble comes when men forget their own importance and bow down to it as a god.

"100 per Cent. Americans"

IN a little New Jersey community perched on the Palisades overlooking New York City a new schoolhouse was named for General Baron von Steuben.

Those who remember the history they learned at school will recognize this formidable soldier as one to whom, next to Washington and Lafayette, we owe our independence as a nation.

But now certain citizens (happily in the minority) of the Jersey hamlet aforementioned, advertising themselves as "100 per cent. Americans," have risen in their wrath to protest against the naming of a schoolhouse after "that Prussian!" One of the most grievous legacies of our late war is this sort of "100 per cent." Americanism.

Just a Homely Parallel

"WHY, *where's* the Baby?" queries the fond parent, peering here and there. Up at the ceiling, under the rocking chair, behind the closet door, beneath the sofa pillow,—everywhere he looks with elaborately simulated puzzlement. All the while Baby is sitting out in the middle of the floor, in plain sight, and having a good laugh at the incredible stupidity of his parent.

"Why, *where's* Economy?" queries Congress, peering likewise here and there. Into dinky items, small clerk hire, trifling appropriations and estimates, everywhere Congress looks with magnificent counterfeit sincerity. All the while Economy is sitting right out in the middle of the Congressional floor, in plain sight, in the shape of colossal savings to be made in the cost of armaments.

Father knows where Baby is. And Congress knows where Economy is. But Father, after a time, will shout gleefully, "Oh, *th-e-e-re* he is!" and pounce upon him. Will Congress?

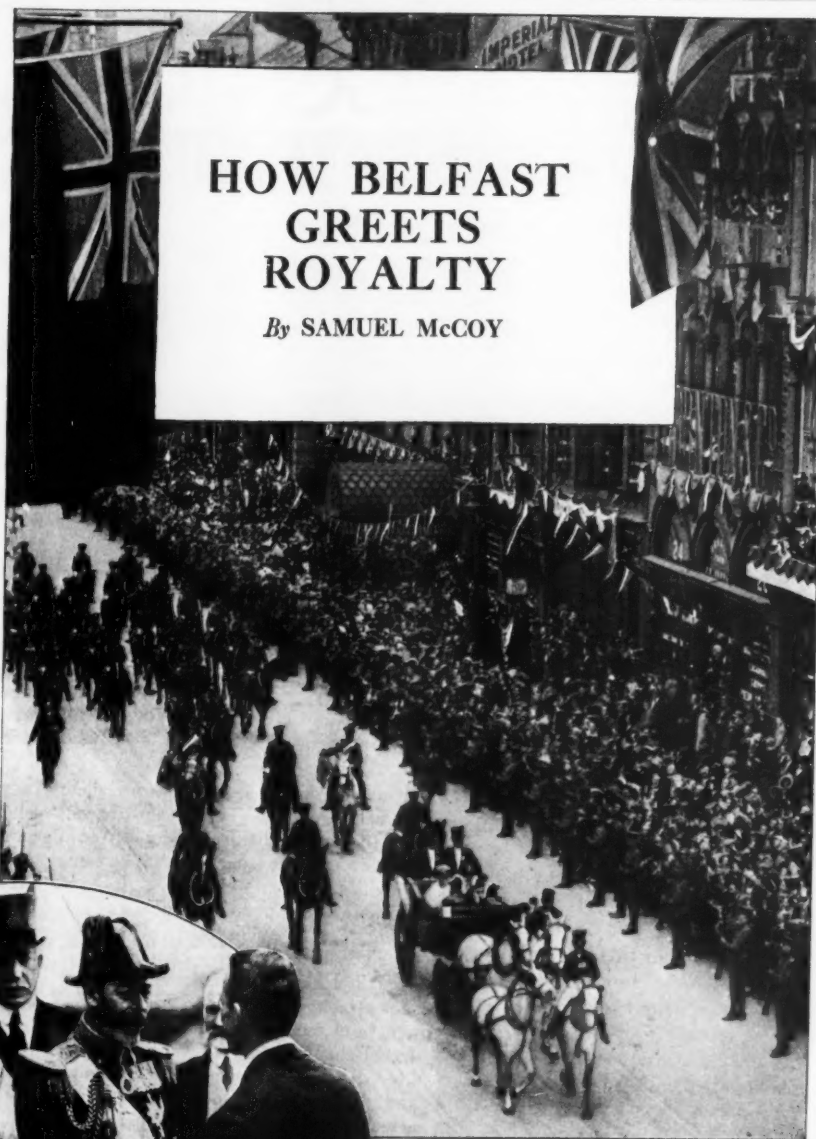
"Sing a song of six-pence. A pocket full of rye;
Four - and - twenty black - birds
baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened the
birds began to sing.
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set
before the King?"

OF what significance in the drama of current Irish history is the opening of the Ulster Parliament by King George? It is impossible to do more than make a guess, since at the moment of writing we are still in the thick of the plot.

It may well be, of course, that by the time this appears in print the parleys which are now in progress will have resulted in something permanent in the way of a settlement of Ireland's age-long fight, or they may have come to naught. But it seems reasonable to expect that their outcome will make one of two explanations of the historical Belfast ceremony plausible—either that it was intended to advertise the political partition of Ireland as an accomplished fact behind which the Imperial

HOW BELFAST GREETED ROYALTY

By SAMUEL MCCOY



INTERNATIONAL

"Noon, and the King appears in sight in a burst of cheering."



UNDERWOOD

An impromptu reception.

Government, in its dealings with Sinn Fein, would not go, or that it was intended as a gracious gesture of royal affection for the Unionists to forestall their fury over the forthcoming traffic with Sinn Fein.

For the ceremonial opening of the Parliament of Ulster immediately preceded Lloyd George's invitation to De Valera to a conference and a truce. Moreover, it was considered a costly and hazardous undertaking. It is impossible to believe, therefore, that the two, the ceremony and the invitation, were not carefully planned in conjunction.

I was fortunate enough to be present when King George visited Belfast on June 22, to open the Parliament of Northern Ireland. It was a majestic spectacle,

But it needs a word or two of background.

In the preceding six months nearly a thousand British soldiers and constables had been killed or wounded, more than a thousand Irish men and women had been killed or wounded and nearly six thousand Irishmen had been arrested and placed in jails and internment camps, leaving most of their families in want. Homes, factories, shops, farm crops and co-operative creameries to the value of \$30,000,000 had been wrecked and destroyed. Business aggregating many more millions had been lost, and on the streets of almost every city and village in Ireland the people went to and fro in constant expectation of sudden firing. All this was due to the struggle of the Irish to break free from England.

There was no sign of yielding on the part of the Irish, and the British Government was at its wits' end to find a way out of



W. H. HOGAN

"On every roof overlooking other roofs along the line of march one might see the figures of steel-helmeted men in khaki and picked marksmen."



© KEYSTONE

Sir James Craig, Premier of Ulster.

the warfare which would not infuriate its one ally in Ireland—the population of six out of the thirty-two counties in Ireland, numbering about one million out of the total four million of Ireland's population, in the northeastern corner of the island centering in the city of Belfast.

Even this section was not solidly loyal to England. One in four of its families, even if so outnumbered that open rebellion was hopeless, were regarded by the loyalists as enemies. Thousands of them had been driven from their jobs by fellow-workmen and for months had been able to obtain no employment of any kind.

Soldiers of "the I. R. A." the Irish

Republican Army, since all wore civilian clothes, were able to enter Belfast at will and to ambush British troops. Would they fire upon the King himself if he came to Belfast?

This was the question which was agitating every Englishman before the King's visit to Ireland. As a matter of fact, the King was in no danger from any such attack upon his life. Whatever else may be charged against the leaders of the Irish Republic, it could never be said that they did not calculate each step coolly; and, knowing that to permit any such attack to be made would be to harm their cause, they must undoubtedly have issued strict orders against it.

The British, however, believed anything of the Irish. I am told, by a mutual friend, that the wife of one of the gentlemen who accompanied the King spent that entire day on her knees at her home in England, praying for her husband's life. She underestimated the Irish sense of proportion.

This, however—this record of bitter warfare and this dread of tragedy to come—was the setting for the royal visit to Belfast—a visit arranged, agreed upon and ordered by the King's ministers.

Everything to be observed on that day was a symbol of the majestic armed power of the British Empire, centered upon the little island of Ireland. Its morning was one to set the pulses tingling—cool, a sharp breeze whipping the waves of the sea, the sky overcast with gray clouds and yet not threatening; and as our little channel packet came into the wide estuary which opens out from Belfast, we

caught our first sight of that part of England's navy that was guarding England's most precious possession—the King.

Ours was the only vessel near that little flotilla lying silent in the gray dawn—a half-dozen slender destroyers riding like a covey of ducks beside the gray mass of two mighty dreadnaughts, the crimson flag of England whipping above them—and in those deserted waters the little fleet seemed like one sent, not to a home port, but to some alien island in distant seas, there to establish England's rule.

We passed close by the graceful dark hull of the royal yacht, where, doubtless, at that early hour, the King was still sleeping, an amiable little gentleman in pajamas; with guns watching over his sleep; and the gray gulls circling and dipping above the restless waters.

Giant scaffoldings, huge skeleton cranes, rose up from the water's edge—the shipyards, Belfast's pride. As we entered the narrow channel between the ways, beneath the towering bare hulls of ships in the making, we passed alongside one nearly completed leviathan on whose after deck several hundred shipyard workers had gathered to greet the King. When a cheer went up from them at the sight of our boat, we thought it only natural: it being a vessel laden with English people likewise ready to take part in the welcome to the King.

But as their cheers continued we began to distinguish a disturbing quality in them; unable to credit our hearing, we listened until there could be no mistake: yes, it was actually true—they were cheering derisively, jeering, hooting!



KEYSTONE

For days before the arrival of the royalty party troops were busy throwing up barricades similar to this one near the city wall.

It seemed hardly possible, and yet there could be no mistaking that note. But *why* should they jeer at Englishmen who were on their way to welcome a King to whom they themselves professed allegiance? Were they, after all, covered over only with a veneer of loyalty?

The incident, coming at the very outset of the day, stuck in our memory, vaguely troubling us all day. Did not even the Belfast people revere the English?

Belfast is a city of nearly a half-million people, with another half-million of population in the surrounding countryside. "Among all these Loyalists," we told ourselves, "such a vast crowd will be gathered that we, arriving so late, can never so much as get a glimpse of the King. For this is no ordinary occasion; it is not as if the King visited his Ireland every few days; this is the first time an English sovereign has visited Ireland in eighteen long years; and until recently there was an interval of 150 years during which no British ruler deigned to visit Ireland at all. Yes, we shall certainly see a demonstration that passes description."

But we didn't. Even Indianapolis, which is a city of about the same size as Belfast, will turn out a bigger crowd when a mere Presidential candidate visits it; and Presidential candidates' visits are no rarity in Indiana.

The avenues along which the King was to pass were lined with thousands, it is true; they were decorated with English flags and bunting and pennants to profusion; but, unfortunately, for the im-

pression upon an outsider, we were obliged to drive down many other streets in order to reach our hotel; and these were full of people who were not headed toward the garlanded avenues, and the houses were bedecked with flags only at intervals between which were dreary gaps.

Along the two or three miles of streets down which the King passed there were perhaps 150,000 people scattered. Four thousand armed troops, military and Royal Irish Constabulary, armed to the teeth, were drawn up along the line of march, and 11,000 "Ulster specials"—citizens in civilian clothes, but with huge revolvers strapped outside their coats—were scattered through the crowds. One armed man to every ten unarmed men, women and children—spontaneous welcome to the King!

On every roof overlooking other roofs along the line of march one might see the figures of steel-helmeted men in khaki and picked marksmen in the dark uniform of the Black-and-Tans, ceaselessly watching the crowd below, their fingers ready on the triggers of their rifles.

At 11.45 the King disembarked from the royal yacht. At 12.30 the crowds massed before the City Hall, where the ceremonies were to take place, had reached an intensity of waiting. They had been standing patiently for five hours. They were no longer plain citizens, they were embodied tenseness.

For none of them—no one, except a handful of officials and perhaps the troops, who, shoulder to shoulder, stood within the heavy barrier of planks that

held back the crowd—had ever before seen a king. They had taken their places there early in the morning. A breakfast consisting of a slice of bread and a cup of tea—"a scald of tea," as they call it in Ireland—is not the best fare with which to strengthen a heart that is thumping at ninety beats a minute, all because of a king. And there are 50,000 working people in Belfast who, with their families, number half the city's population, that are out of work and whose meals are therefore neither kingly meals nor meals on which to await a king.

So, before the King arrived at 11.50, they had begun to faint. The crowd beneath the balcony from which we watched the pageant, in the very center of the crush, was not a closely packed crowd as crowds go in America. Any subway crush in the rush hours is fiercer by far. The line beneath us was



KEYSTONE

Gen. Sir Neville Macready, commander of the Crown forces in Ireland.

not more than ten deep, and there was plenty of space on the pavements behind it. And the day was cool, rather than warm.

And still they fainted. From out that small crowd beneath us in Donegal Square, one person after another was carried upon a stretcher. At the first, we thought little. But when another, and another, and then another was carried out, until we had counted nine within an hour, we began to wonder how many victims of bread and tea and king's visit were to be counted along the whole line of march.

A week later, when the women workers
(Concluded on page 208)

ARE WOMEN BECOMING MORE FASCINATING?

By FRED C. KELLY

Illustrations by ELMER PIRSON



IT doesn't require much of a strain on the memory to recall the days when the woman who applied rouge to her cheeks was looked upon as one to be shunned. Even the use of much expensive perfume was supposed to indicate an excess of worldliness. And to apply a red tint to the lips definitely branded a woman as a lost soul. I recall this incident: In the little town I came from, a pretty girl in the high school graduating class was so pale from the excitement of the commencement exercises that she was scarcely herself. Her mother, not wishing to see her appear at her worst, put just a wee touch of rouge to the girl's cheeks and lips. The result was that both mother and daughter got themselves talked about. Nice old ladies about town thought the daughter was definitely doomed and that the mother was an accessory to the crime—an unnatural mother for starting an innocent girl on the downward path. Painted lady! Ugh! This was a conservative community, but the feeling would have been the same in many another city.

THIS attitude, of course, was due to our deep-seated Puritanism. The typical Puritan hated beauty in any form. He was opposed to pleasure. His motto was: "If you like to do a thing, don't." Hence the Puritan feeling toward trying to improve the complexion was that it was an attempt to change something from what the Almighty had ordained it to be, and was, therefore, wicked.

To-day the shift of belief regarding these matters, not only in the East but throughout the entire country, is so marked that it is well-nigh startling.

Countless women of the highest moral code proceed on the assumption that if a man may improve his face by shaving off whiskers, they may enhance theirs by adding artificial color. They agree that natural bloom on the cheek is indeed to be desired, but in the absence of it, that artificial beauty is preferable to being aggressively homely. At the present time even in such States as Oklahoma, so a dealer tells me, farmers' wives in rapidly increasing numbers come to town and buy lipsticks and their favorite shade of rouge with as much unconcern as they buy a spool of thread.

In offices, too, there is an astonishing difference in the attitude toward beauty, either real or artificial, in women employees. The old theory was that only a homely woman was efficient. If she paid much heed to her dress, complexion or coiffure, the assumption was that she did not have her mind on her work. To-day almost the opposite belief prevails. If a girl lacks the enterprise to make her face reasonably attractive, she may have a slovenly streak that will show in her daily tasks, and furthermore, there is the effect she has on others. If workers are more happy and therefore more efficient when looking at a flower garden than at an alley full of tin cans, why is it not equally desirable to have well-groomed women about them, rather than the dreary, slattern type that used to prevail? I cannot think off-hand of an intelligently conducted large business concern whose reception room is in charge of an unattractive woman. The modern idea is that the customer who is received by a beautiful, or at least well-groomed, young woman, is more likely to wish to return, just as he gets a favorable impression from a good color scheme in the reception room, or a harmonious outfit of furniture. Saleswomen in department stores, too, seem to be more agreeable to look upon than ever before.

In other words, women are being encouraged not only socially but commercially to make themselves more beautiful. Their fetching looks may be capitalized not only on the stage but in counting rooms and stores. No longer is there any strong public feeling against a woman



being as attractive as nature and her own ingenuity will permit. The main question to determine whether a woman may now apply rouge to her cheeks is simply: Will it make her look better? If flowers improve the garden and paint improves womankind, let us—says the public—make intelligent use of both. And we may ask ourselves: *Are women becoming more attractive, more fascinating?*

IN this same connection, there is the item of perfumery. The change of opinion with regard to perfumery, while less revolutionary than that toward rouge, is nevertheless significant of the times. Thirty years ago, while there was no serious objection to a woman using a dash of perfume, it was regarded as wasteful and extravagant if she paid a high price for it. To-day the better grades of perfume have come, in the minds of a great many people, to be no longer a luxury but almost an every-day requirement. The modern idea is that if we may have good music to please the auditory sense and cultivate beauty to please our vision, it is no less laudable and no less proper to add to the joy of life through the olfactory sense. The shop girl earning as little as \$15 a week is willing to darn the heels of her stockings and wash them out each night, that she may pay \$7 an ounce for perfume, and does so without feeling that she is committing an extravagance.

It is easily possible, too, to make a better defense of the high price of perfume than of that of many other articles in the luxury class. The making of a high-

grade perfume is an expensive process. For example, it takes five tons of rose petals to supply the material for one pound of rose essence.

It must be remembered also that the desire for perfume appears to be a basic human craving. This dates back far beyond the time of Christ. Indeed, the history of perfumery is almost the history of the human race. In Biblical times, to anoint a guest with sweet-scented ointments was only a routine courtesy. The burning of incense in the temples was a regular part of the ritual. It is probable that the earliest use of perfume was in the burning of incense. The base of the word itself—fumer—means to burn.

Cleopatra, one learns, made much use of agreeable scents in furthering her ambitions as a professional siren. The female of the species begins to crave access to her mother's perfumes at about the same age that the male youngster is beginning to smoke clandestine cigarettes and "show off." In scores of ways we see that the desire for perfume is basically associated with the mating instinct.

AT the present time many business experts regard cosmetics as one of the least worked fields of daily commerce—proportionate to the possibilities. It is believed that the increase in the amount of rouge and perfume used in the next few years will be more than the increase in any other every-day article. For this reason, a number of interesting investigations have been made by manufacturers and retailers to ascertain just what women really desire in the way of these aids to their powers of fascination.

A famous concern for many years identified with the manufacture of soap determined recently to introduce a line of perfumes, rouge, and talcum powder. But, before doing this, they arranged with a big advertising agency to have a force of men and women devote themselves for months to finding out every possible fact that could be of use to them regarding what American women want.

You see, modern business does not shoot in the dark. The old way would have been to prepare a line of goods that seemed to them meritorious, offer it to the public, and then see what would happen; but modern methods insist upon eliminating, in so far as possible, the item of chance and rule of thumb, by making every move on a foundation of known facts. The business man prefers to gamble only on sure things. Hence, the firm mentioned wished to know precisely what odors women like best in talcum powder, for example, what shape of box they like the powder to come in, and even what color of box will mean the most sales. This question of color was found to be important, and they also made an elaborate investigation in regard to the most compelling design for decorations on the box.

This investigation definitely established that women know exactly what they desire and cannot readily be diverted to something else. If a woman likes a certain odor and a certain strength of that odor, it is not mere imagination on her part. She will recognize the odor wherever she finds it and will insist upon having it rather than something only slightly different. Moreover, the proportion of women who like a certain blend or odor in a perfume or powder will be practically the same in all parts of the country. If more women like the odor of rose than of lilac in New York, the proportion will be the same in Missouri or California. This is just as definite and certain as the number of persons who will enter a restaurant and order ham and eggs, or corned beef and cabbage.

brand of talcum is not the biggest seller.

While women know what they want, few if any even have the remotest idea what their perfumes are made of. They would be shocked to learn that the fragrant, so-called bouquet odor made up, presumably, of essences from various flowers, contains perhaps not one drop of anything from the floral kingdom. Cer-



"Cleopatra, one learns, made much use of agreeable scents in furthering her ambitions as a professional siren."

Those brands of perfumes and talcum powders that are in most demand in any one city are invariably the leaders in practically all other cities. The sales of a certain talcum powder in this country amount to three million cans a month. This is partly because of good merchandizing methods, but, in the long run, it is because the odor is a blend that is neither too mild nor too strong, and there is scarcely a city in the country where this

tain animal oils comprise one of the most important ingredients of modern perfumes. These all come from one or the other of five different animals, including ambergris from the whale, and oils from glands of the musk-ox and the civet, the latter a little animal not unlike a skunk. It seems astonishing to know that the predominating odor in many so-called oriental perfumes comes not from a flower garden at all but from a

gland of the unostentatious little beaver.

Even single flower odors, in many instances, do not come from that flower at all, but are simply a synthetic combination of chemicals which give the same odor. Neither the lilac nor the heliotrope, for example, yields any essence of use to perfumers, hence they are obliged to duplicate the odor by other means, just as do the manufacturers of flavoring extracts. When you get strawberry or raspberry syrup at a soda fountain, it does not necessarily follow that any of this flavoring came from a berry, but simply from certain acids which when combined give the taste desired.

The investigation into feminine tastes disclosed that in the long run women do not want the odor of a single flower, but a blend. This seems to be for the same reason that a person does not wish to wear regularly a checked suit of clothes, or any too striking design. They want something more elusive, so that they will not be too readily recognized either by their garments or by the scent of their perfume. Single flower odors, however, are a trifle more popular in the East than in the West, and the Middle West is slower than the East to take up with a new odor of any kind.

After the investigation had definitely established what odor was most desirable in talcum powder, it was then sought to determine what strength of this odor would be most popular. Samples were prepared in four grades, number one being the lowest strength and number four the highest. Number three invariably proved the most popular. No matter what time of the year or what hour of the day a test was made, the result was the same. But here was a surprising thing. Of a dozen women who liked a certain odor in a talcum powder perhaps no two would like it for the same reason. Hundreds of women were asked what a certain popular scent made them think of. The result of these tests gave the following, and in the order mentioned:

Flower gardens, oriental atmosphere, fields and woods, florist shop, Easter, greenhouses, old-fashioned parlor, something mysterious and elusive, crowds, bouquets, preserving time.

Incidentally, it was noted that women

of the South have a keener sense of smell and more ability to detect very slight differences of odor than those in the North.

Just as women prefer a subtle odor, they also want something not too striking in the color of the box. In thousands of tests, orange was invariably the *least desired* color and only slightly more desired than this was red. Yet the fact remains that one of the most popular of toilet preparations comes in a bright red box. The reason seems to be that it is popular *in spite of* the color, because of intelligent merchandizing methods, and owing to

One of the important things confirmed by the investigation was the grave danger of making a poor first impression. A number of perfume manufacturers have made an entire change in the odor sold under a certain name, but the goods do not sell readily because that name in the first place was associated with a scent that was not what women wanted. It may take them years to overcome the handicap due to this wrong first impression.

Notwithstanding the widespread use of perfumes in all forms, it is small compared with the ultimate possibilities. Even preparations for cleansing the teeth are far less used than people generally imagine. The percentage of users of dental preparations lies somewhere between eighteen and forty per cent. of the population; these figures are based on investigations made by different manufacturers.

If, then, there is still a big field, not yet developed, for the sale of tooth powder, think of the vast number of women who are yet to be interested by the manufacturers of beautifying preparations that only a few years ago were taboo.

We may assume then that notwithstanding the great number of artificially acquired-sweet-pea complexions we see on the streets, and the savory odors that we are coming more and more to associate with modern womankind, we are seeing only the beginning of a great

movement. Some day the world may look back upon the woman of 1921 as an exceedingly simple person. In time science, coming to the aid of the beauty-makers, may completely change the "female of the species."

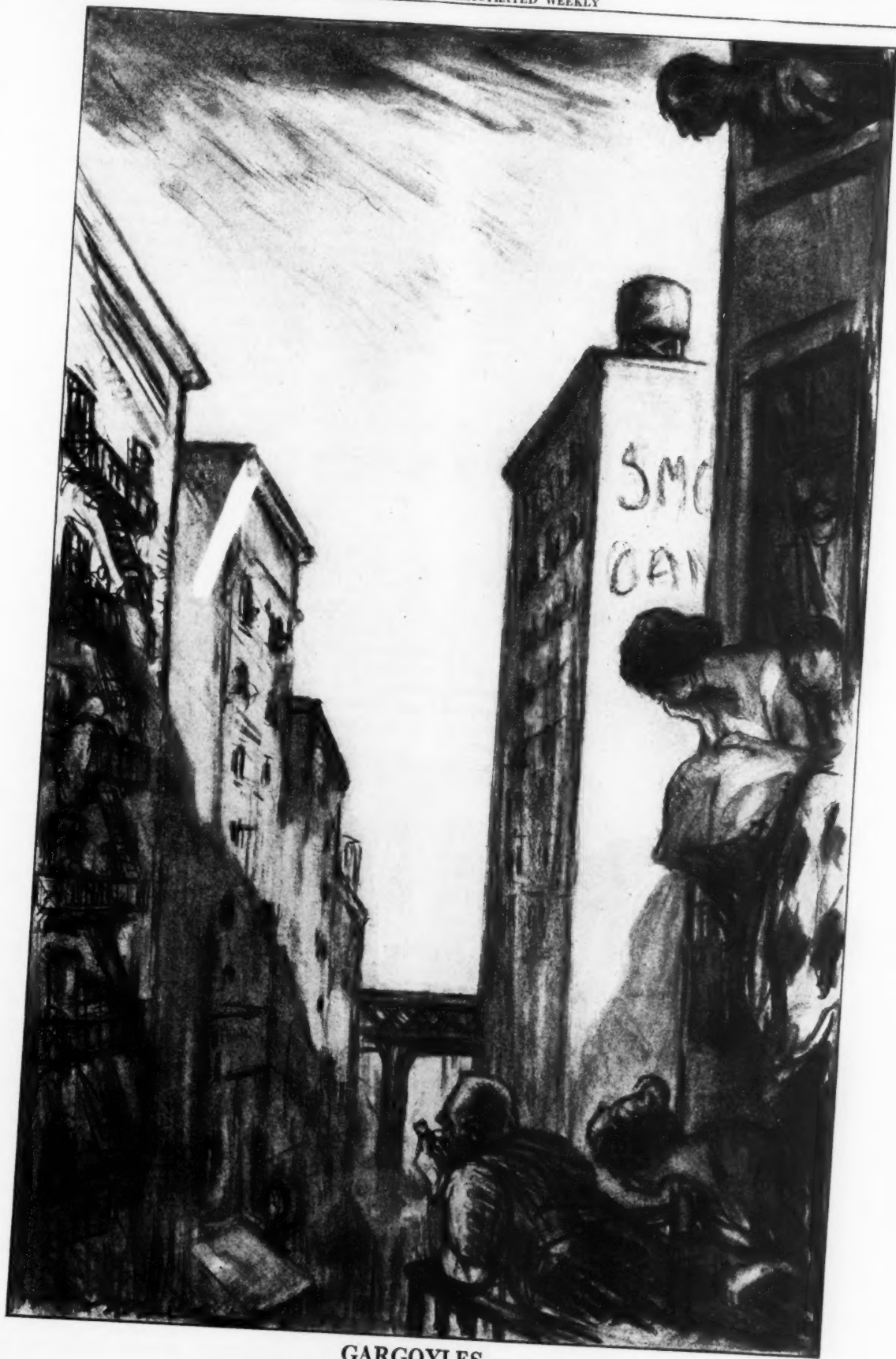
What is the result going to be? Will women become so artificial that they will lose part of their natural charm? Or will these manufactured aids have the effect of adding to feminine fascination?

And if they become considerably more fascinating, then what? Will they become downright irresistible? Will they dominate everything? Will mere men cease to cut any figure? I wonder!



Will women become so artificial that they will lose part of their natural charm? Or will they become more fascinating and downright irresistible?

the merit of the article itself. Pale shades of lavender, blue, grayish-green and purple were popular. The box containing talcum, it was found, must not be too expensive in appearance if it is to sell readily. No matter how inexpensive it really is, it must not *look* too costly, the reason being that the buyer is inclined to wonder if, perhaps, too much money is spent on the box, rather than the contents. Besides being symmetrical the box must be fairly tall, this for a practical reason that one might not, at first thought, appreciate. It must be long enough to enable the user to dash talcum down her back.



GARGOYLES
Drawn by CLIVE WEED

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER

By Mme. LUCIE DELARUS-MARDRUS

Translated By WILLIAM L. McPHERSON Illustrated By C. CLYDE SQUIRES

FROM her window Mme. Bolin kept an eager watch on what was going on outside.

She was an elderly woman, still good-looking, with white hair, a clear skin, jet black eyes, which hadn't lost their sparkle, and classically regular features. She was tall and slender and was dressed in black.

Hidden behind the curtains she could see to the bottom of the garden, which was bare of trees and not very deep. It contained a vegetable plot, a little piece of lawn with a fountain, some flower beds and, in the back, a poultry yard, in which

fowls of many breeds and colors congregated.

But these were not the only things which absorbed Mme. Bolin's attention. What interested her most was to see her husband walking alone in the enclosure, his hands behind his back.

He was five years younger than she was. But that didn't prevent him from being an old man, with stooped shoulders, and soft, blue eyes almost hidden under bushy, gray eyebrows.

Mme. Bolin laughed inwardly to see him walking alone in the garden, for that spectacle represented a realization of the dream of her life.

For years she had employed the most admirable feminine strategy—a strategy which, put at the service of a government, would constitute the most dextrous diplomacy in the world—and employed it to bring about just this result. Such was her great objective; M. Bolin isolated from all other society, relegated to some lonely spot in the depths of the country, prisoner on a few square yards of land, always under the eye of his watchful spouse.

A toothless old domestic

"What interested her most was to see her husband walking alone in the enclosure, his hands behind his back."

cooked for them. There was no other servant, even of canonical age; for servants can be dangerous.

Mme. Bolin had assumed all the responsibilities of the household. Yet this engrossing duty never wearied her, because she was happy.

In the time of her brilliant youth the first days of her honeymoon had revealed her to herself. Marrying for love a husband too young for her, to whom she also brought a considerable fortune, she couldn't help finding out almost immediately how things stood. She was, and would be till her death, a jealous wife.

Her husband, who became a judge in Paris, drifted beyond the range of her unrelenting vigilance. She couldn't follow him into the courts. The hours when he was away each day were black hours for her. Neither the two children which were born to them, nor habit, nor the years had tempered the fury of her suspicion. She hated all the women whom she was forced to receive. She kept watch on letters, on the expressions of faces, on the intonations of voices. She scented romances everywhere. Her maternal love, deep and serious-minded as it was, was nothing alongside of that other love, so brief in its unalloyed enjoyment.

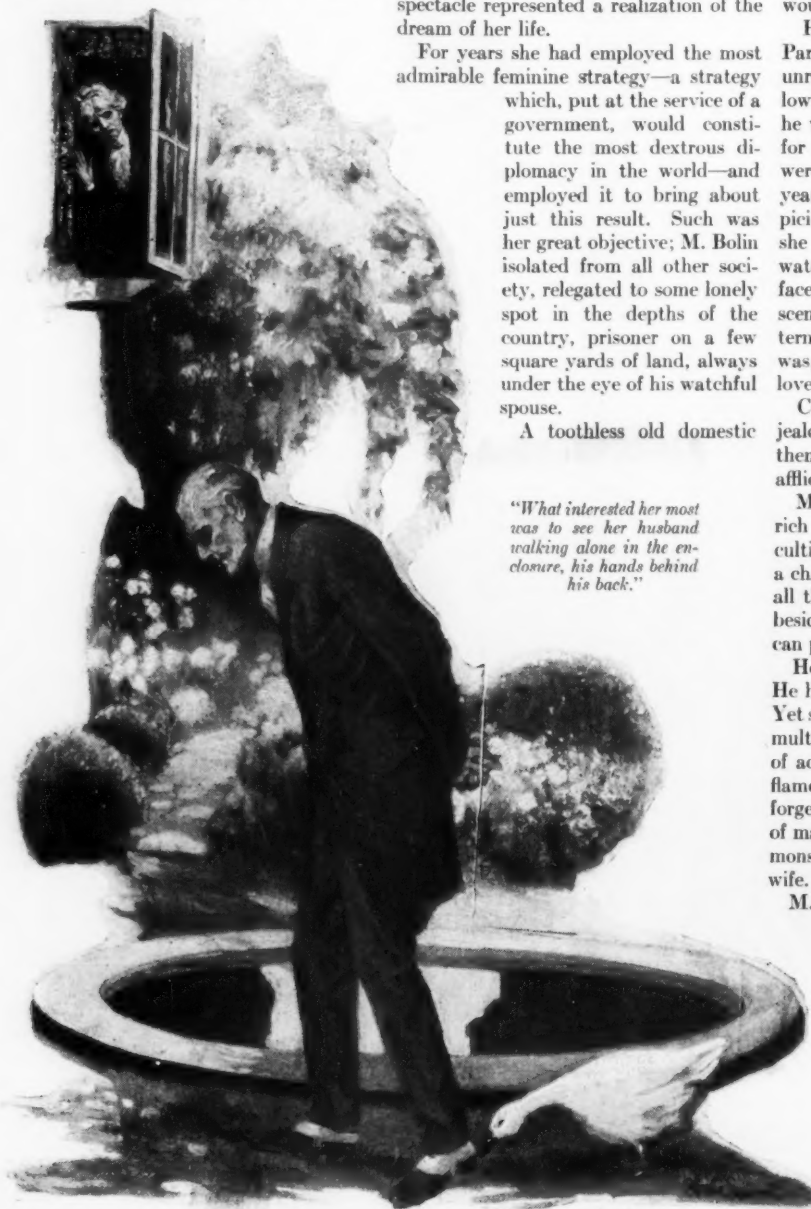
Could it be called love? The truly jealous are persons who hate. Torturing themselves as well as others, they are afflicted with a veritable malady.

Mme. Bolin had been born beautiful, rich and intelligent, and had become a cultivated woman, a skilful musician and a charming conversationalist. But, with all these gifts, an evil fairy had hovered beside her cradle. A single drop of gall can poison the purest cupful of honey.

Her husband was passive and gentle. He had never given her any real offense. Yet scenes and tempestuous outbursts had multiplied in the household. In default of actual proof suppositions had fed the flames of her jealousy. And certain unforgettable names, even after forty years of marriage, came back like obsessing demons to the pale lips of the indignant wife.

M. Bolin, who would gladly have forgotten them, knew them by heart. They were those, most particularly, of Mme. Le Quesne, Mme. Landier, Mlle. de Raivre and Mme. Pascot.

That some of these women of the past hadn't figured in ancient adventures on his part, M. Bolin wasn't absolutely sure. But Mme. Bolin, who knew nothing at all, continued eternally her retrospective accusations.



Finally, her children grown up and married off, she had carried through her project of a retirement to the loneliness of country life. They had taken this little house, on the edge of a remote little village. M. Bolin never went abroad without her. And the rest of the time, from her post at the window, she could watch her patient martyr, and yet keep an eye on household affairs.

In the year that they had lived in this retreat the scenes had ceased. Peace was bringing them both a calm old age.

Certainly, Mme. Bolin was happy. Was her husband also happy?

She did everything possible to keep him from being bored. She gave especial care to the table and kept the house in admirable order. He loved music. She found time to play regularly on the piano. She ordered books from Paris and discussed them with him at length, always intelligently. Moreover, she had quickened his sense of rural pleasures. He had become interested in roses and in hot-house vegetables. Naturally, she wouldn't tolerate a dog—a presence too nearly human to be supported by her infernal jealousy. But chickens, pigeons and ducks were admitted into the garden.

One May evening, as he returned from dinner from the garden, where he had passed the afternoon, Mme. Bolin found him in unusually high spirits. This pleased her at first (for she was not with-

out some concern for her companion's happiness), but finally it made her knit her brows.

What was there new in his monotonous existence that he should have that smile on his lips?

When they were seated at the table he told her:

"You can't imagine how funny it is! There is a duck down in the poultry yard which has conceived a great affection for me. I noticed some time ago, when I went in to gather the eggs, that she followed me. I gave her some bread. She came up and ate it out of my hand. Now, when I call her, she runs to me. To-day I opened the gate and let her out and she dogged my steps everywhere up and down the garden. Isn't it amusing? I have found a name for her. I call her Gudule."

Mme. Bolin laughed a little, but not very heartily. The next day, from behind the window, she saw M. Bolin and his duck walking along the garden paths.

That evening at bed time Mme. Bolin recurred incidentally to Mme. Le Quesne, Mme. Landier, Mlle. de Raivre and Mme. Pascot. Her black eyes flashed. M. Bolin bent his head. His heart throbbing, he felt, without understanding why, that the scene which had racked his nerves for forty years was close in the offing. The storm didn't burst then. It burst two days later and was as long and furious as it had ever been in the past.

Next day a sad, humped figure was to be seen in the garden. It was M. Bolin, shuffling along and shaking his head. Gudule, the duck, waddled behind him, her bill pecking at his heels. Mme. Bolin looked out on them from behind the curtains.

Less than a week passed.

"To-night we have a little feast," she said, with the knowing smile of a practiced housekeeper. "A salmi of duck, on which you must give me your opinion."

M. Bolin, seeing the platter come in, opened his mouth to utter a cry of horror. The day before Gudule had disappeared.

But his wife, fixing her gaze on him, demanded:

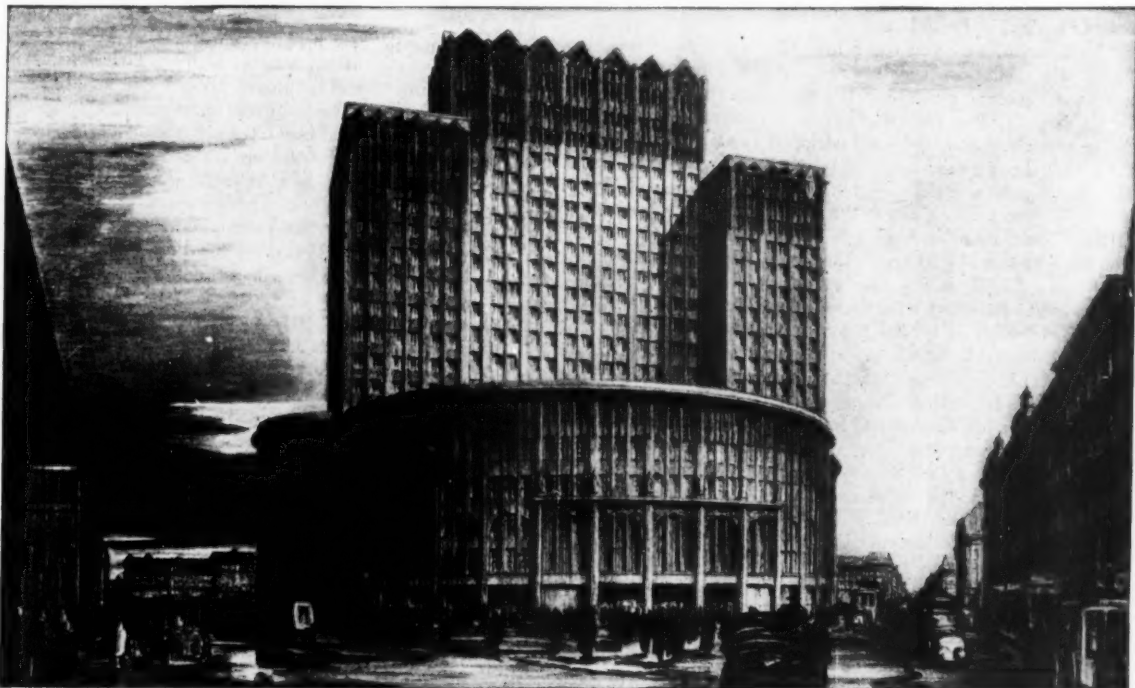
"What will you have? A leg? A wing? The liver? Or the breast?"

Her expression was such that the poor man didn't dare to say a single word deploring the loss of his last friend. He understood that the salmi which she was serving him was a salmi of vengeance—the leg of Mme. Le Quesne, the wing of Mme. Landier, the liver of Mme. Pascot, the breast of Mlle. de Raivre. Thus the jealousy of certain wives can go even to the extreme of cannibalism.

M. Bolin weakly lowered his eyes and responded, hypocritically and terror-stricken:

"I haven't any preference, as you know. Give me anything you like."

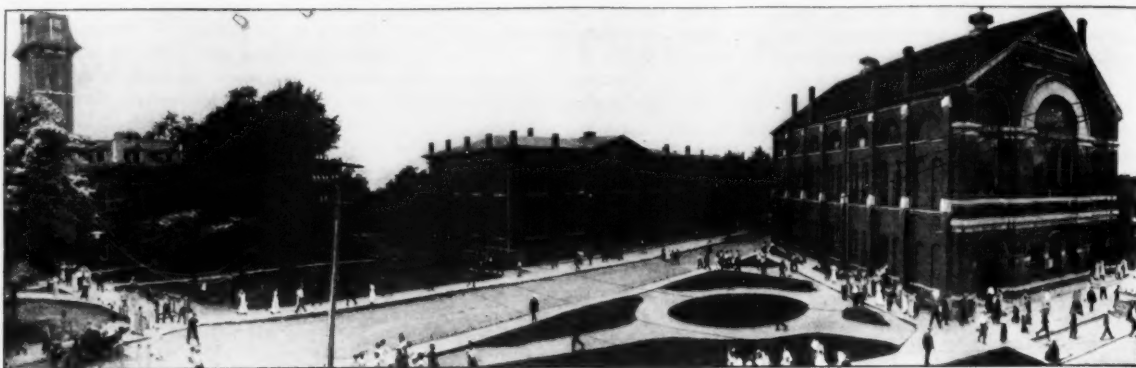
BERLIN BEGINS TO GROW SKYWARD



KEYSTONE

For many years Europeans in this country for the first time have shuddered and turned pale when shown our sky-scrapers. "Impressive—but horrible!" most of them have said, "How pleasant it is to think that in the older lands there are no such dreadful edifices!" And now comes the news that the authorities of London are seriously considering permitting

the upward growth of their metropolis—with the sky the limit. Already Berlin has issued a permit for the erection of a vast building, the architect's sketch of which is shown above. The giant will be at the Friedrichstrasse railroad station. Its twenty-two stories will contain shops, offices, restaurants, a picture palace and other concomitants of civilization.



Out in Indiana they generally refer to this institution of learning as "Old Valpo." Its official name is Valparaiso University. Until recently its fame was confined to the Middle-West, but not long ago it received some of

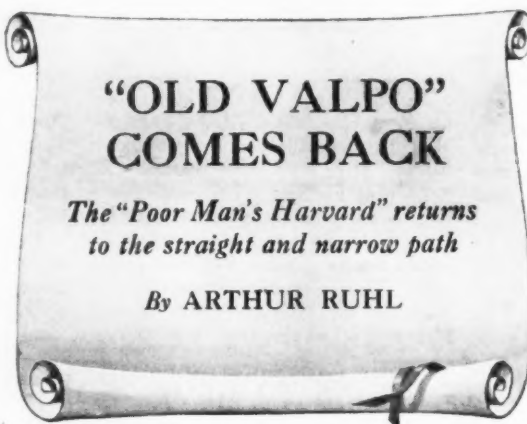
the brightest beams of the lime-light when its President, following a row with the students, suddenly resigned and announced that good "Old Valpo" had degenerated into a hot-bed of Bolshevism and other modern movements.

WHEN the ten-thirty westbound local drops you off at Valparaiso, Ind., you find yourself in what a Far North novelist might describe as the Great Silence. Not a sound, not a light, not a cab, porter, or even hotel bus—only stillness, blackness, and the hot hush of of the Indiana night.

"Goin' uptown?" . . . A good-natured drummer, the only other passenger, offers to show the way, confiding, as you stagger up the hill ["What you got in that case, anyway?"] that he has "already done five towns to-day!" Round the screening trees, and you come into the lights of a small town's main street, and a moment later are climbing the stairs over a shop to Albes European Hotel.

The proprietor and his friends, stripped for action about a card-table, regret that there is not a room in the place but "maybe they'll give you one across the street. If they don't, come on back and I'll fix you up some how!" So across the street to Bloch's Hotel, which consists of a quick-lunch restaurant with rooms overhead. The office is behind the counter of the restaurant, which possesses an automatic photographing machine that has but to be fed with a dime to rumble internally for a few seconds and forthwith deliver a dripping tintype, with an excellent likeness of Jack Johnson. There is also a sign over the counter—"Credit Department on the Roof. Take the Elevator," and a mechanical piano more elevated, it would seem, to the success of a merry-go-round, than the slumbers of the guests above.

Not much chance here, you may say, for the storied urn, but ere joining the high-titty Mrs. Carol Kennicutt, let us await the morning light. The latter reveals a Court House Square, with trees, benches, and a few Grand Army men, where one could imagine Whitcomb Riley, sitting; pleasant, brick-paved streets, dark-shaded with maples, and a general



air of peace and folksiness, little changed, but for a few advertisements of "K-back" clothes and a scattering of "boulevard" lights, from what it must have been in the sixties or seventies, when dancing was wicked and young folks went buggy-riding.

Although the town seems as flat as a pancake, the native of whom one asks the way to the University, speaks, sure enough, of "the hill." Presently you pass students sitting on the porches of the old frame houses, studying or picking at mandolins; then boys and girls walking two by two to classes, as they do in co-ed towns; and finally, at the end of a tree-shaded street, just beyond a new Music Building from which issues the hullabaloo of a dozen pianos and sopranos all going it at once, a hall almost venerable in its simple lines and weathered brick.

This, of course, is the "old building," with which Valparaiso started as a Methodist College before the Civil War. In 1873 it became a Normal School, and later, under the management of its founder, H. B. Brown, and his associate, O. P. Kinsey, developed into the curious and successful "university," sometimes nicknamed the "poor man's Harvard," which supplied a college education at less cost and with fewer formalities, perhaps, than any other institution in the United States.

All that is ancient history, although

fewer people are acquainted with it than should be. The new history is this: that the President of the college, requested to resign by the Trustees after a brief reign, as a person not suited to carry on its traditions, hurled at it the rather unoriginal phrase, "hot-bed of Bolshevism," and this brought "Old Valpo" into the news, and incidentally led your correspondent to stop on his way westward to see what the trouble was about.

The founders, and for forty years the administrators, of Valparaiso, were of the pious tough-willed pioneer stock which settled the Middle West. They belonged to the age of hair-cloth furniture and the Rogers groups, and whilen arrow in some directions, perhaps, were men of solid character and sound idealism, with real teaching enthusiasm and an old-fashioned American sympathy with, and belief in, the common everyday man. They ran Valparaiso as a private business, but they ran it for the good of its particular clientele rather than in any selfish sense for themselves.

Their essential idea was to give an educational chance to those who, because of lack of money or opportunity, could not get it in the conventional way. Cheapness was one essential and for this they became famous. When George Kennan visited Valparaiso at the request of Mr. McClure, of *McClure's Magazine*, a dozen years or so ago ("Sam" McClure had been a barefoot boy in Valparaiso), he found that good board could be had in the college commons for \$1.36 a week and that a student's whole expenses for a year, including board, room and tuition, were considerably less than \$200!

The war has changed such prices, of course, and yet even now first-class board is only \$4.50 a week and a furnished bedroom and study may be had in one of the newer and better buildings for slightly more than \$8 a month. In Kennan's time an average dinner cost ten cents; break-

fast and supper four cents each; room five cents a day, and tuition fifteen cents. I dined twice in the big hall where meals are served in cafeteria style and one of the bills of fare was as follows:

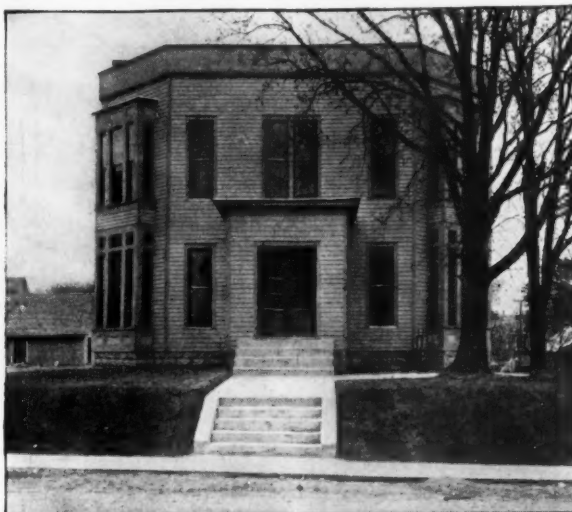
Tomato Soup with Crackers
Roast Pork with Apple Sauce
Dressing and Potatoes
Creamed Cabbage
Rhubarb Pie Cookies
Glass of Milk
Glass of Iced Tea with Lemon
Bread and Butter ad lib.

This meal, the usual dinner included in the \$4.50 a week board, costs thirty-five cents if taken separately. In the average quick-lunch city restaurant it would cost at least \$1.25. What food similarly well cooked would cost in restaurants of the better class you can figure out for yourself.

Even at this price the commons are a trifle more than self-supporting, and by skillful buying and management they always have been.

There are other novelties to recommend Valparaiso to the less-favored sort of student. He can enter at almost any time, stay as long as he is able, leave and pick up his work later, where he left off. Classes begin at seven o'clock in the morning and last until five, the college is open practically all the year round, and is one way or another the newcomer is always fitted in. At the height of its success, before the war, Valparaiso, in numbers, was the second institution in the country, and it offered instruction in law, medicine, engineering and dentistry, in addition to a high school course and the usual academic subjects.

While it was easy to smile at the rawness and roughness of this educational mill, which naturally made no pretensions to esoteric scholarship, it should nevertheless be taken into consideration that it was intended for students who came to college not to be amused or to make friends, but to work; who knew what they wanted and were compelled to arrive at results in the shortest possible time. And it would appear that thousands of the less materially favored sort of young folks—country boys and girls whom lack of time or money had kept from going beyond the grammar school; foreigners, knowing little English and unable to pass the entrance examination to the more conventional colleges, got here a start which they might never have found anywhere else.



At Valparaiso simplicity is the keynote. An excellent illustration of this fact is the building of the Law School.

Dr. Kinsey told me, for instance, of a country girl who came to him one day to say that she had been all ready to get married when she had come to the conclusion that she didn't have the education she wished; that there was scant probability of making up this lack after marriage, that she had saved \$200 and she wanted Dr. Kinsey to give her, so to speak, \$200 worth of education in whatever form he thought best. He made out a course for her, including some English, history, music, arithmetic such as she would need in keeping accounts, and one or two other subjects. She had stayed the year, married, and come back long afterward to say that Valparaiso had made a difference in her life that nothing could measure.

Across from me at the cafeteria dinner was a self-made business-man who had

come back at forty-five or fifty to take the high-school work he had never had a chance to take as a boy. His wife was taking a college course.

The high-school classes, conducted by the same teachers in the same buildings, could not be distinguished, by the age of the pupils, from the college classes. Indeed, they often have older students—men or boys whose education has been delayed—while the college classes are likely to be made up largely of younger women of the age usually found in the State universities.

Then there are many foreigners. They come with a few words of English, are put to work, and learn to

talk as they go along. I talked with a Swede, an East Indian of some sort, and a South American, and was told that there had been as many as forty-six nationalities. These unbranded mavericks found their footing rather easily in this environment where any pretense at show or exclusiveness was unfashionable, and between the different sorts of students, and between students and teacher themselves, there seems to have existed a very real "old-fashioned" democracy. I dropped into two literature classes—one a high school and one a college class.

In the first, they were reading Emerson, and not only reading, but arguing about his ideas with a vigor and bounce rarely found among the more sophisticated and self-conscious sort of under-graduates. The other class, mostly girls, were listening to a whimsical talk on "Poor Richard's Almanac," by Benjamin Franklin Williams, or "B. F.," as he is known to everybody in Valparaiso. "B. F." is one of those astounding

individuals who actually prefer, apparently, doing their particular job as it ought to be done and doing it where it will do the most good, to being included "among those present" in the New York papers.

There seems no particular reason why "B. F.'s" wisdom and humor shouldn't have made him just as revered a frog in a bigger puddle as at Valparaiso, but instead of gunning for a place in the sun he came back from Harvard to the little frame house with the vine-covered porch, the small-town gossip and friendliness, and the possible gratitude of thousands of

(Continued on page 209)



The oldest building on the Campus. Thousands of boys have gone through four years at Valparaiso on less than many students at other colleges spend in a month. About a dozen years ago it was possible to secure good board in the college for \$1.36 a week! Before the war Valparaiso was the second institution, in numbers, in this country.



"At the ticket-window a perspiring vendor sold me with most commendable despatch a ticket for 'general admission.'"



MANHATTAN'S WETTEST SPOT

By ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

WALKED in upon directly from the stifling, dejected city street, it was a rousing spectacle. A hugely gala, highly hilarious, stunningly electric scene. Kind of unbelievable like, it was. I had something of a sensation that I had been whisked through some kind of a modern Arabian Nights' door. Immediately, too, I felt that exhilaration you get when you are moved to cheer. But I began to laugh instead. For it all was, in a way, decidedly comical, too.

I had come across, in the oppressive dusk of the mid-July evening, a very scorched-looking Madison Square, thickly populated along its curving aisles of benches by a very depressed and depressing rag-tag and bob-tail of coatless and collarless humanity, the frankly penurious, suffering as stoically as might be the torrid temperature. High above, against the purpling sky, and a little below the dainty blur which I knew to be Diana on her tower, shone out in large letters of yellow light the words, "SWIMMING POOL."

I crossed the empty roadway of Madison avenue, empty except for the flock of pigeons (which have their habitat here) promenading about, and whose unconcern as to danger weirdly emphasized its emptiness. At the other side the dingy Spanish arches of Madison Square Garden. Beyond the pillars of the portico

a shadowy throng flowing along the wall of the building. Half-way up the block the crowd sharply silhouetted before the tall entrance ablaze with light. From around the Twenty-sixth street corner numerous groups hurrying forward, many of the youthful figures with a Boston bag in hand.

I fell in at the tail of the long queue—the tail when I fell in, but only for a moment afterward; and lock-stepped rather briskly toward the entrance. As we edged smoothly along we passed, affixed to the wall, an enormous poster: "World's Largest and Most Costly Indoor Swimming Pool"—a dauby representation in colors of the giant pool, with at each side of this a lithographic rendering of a full-bodied young woman of mathematically symmetrical figure enconced for a short distance above and below the abdomen in a snug and bright-hued garment purporting to be a bathing suit.

Had I been round to "the Garden" yet? That's what everybody, it seemed to me, that I had met recently had asked me. Once it was the War that filled the air, then for a space the Fight held the world and no wholesome person much cared to talk about anything else, and now, it appeared, the prime topic was this new thing at the Garden, brought about by the epical "Tex" Rickard, demi-god of entertainment enterprise.

For years we of pleasure-loving nature all over the land have periodically been saddened by reports in the papers that our Garden was shortly to be torn down. A monstrous thing! Here on ground hallowed by thirty years of Sport to erect a pile of office buildings! A sky-scraping jail to take the joy of life out of thousands of souls imprisoned there daily from nine to five! The romantic tower born of the combined genius of Saint Gaudens and Stanford White, a bit of old Seville in Manhattan, to be no more. And gone the vast and mellowed edifice which to untold thousands for a generation has meant the liveliest things in life—the Arion Ball, the French Students' Ball, the Horse Show, Dog Show, Cat Show, Poultry Show, Automobile Show, Sportsman's Show, the Cake-walk, the Six-day Bicycle Race, Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show, and the circus, alias the Greatest Show on Earth. And historic events of the prize-ring from the days of the fabled John L.

When Dempsey knocked out Bill Brennan here last December it is recorded that the Garden was packed from pit to dome with perhaps the finest crowd that had then ever attended a championship glove contest. An arena,

too, for dramatic political oratory, the Garden, in which Presidents and candidates for President through the words directed immediately at the thousands that fought their way within the walls have sent ringing utterance throughout the land. This tabernacle to be scrapped!

Well, it didn't look to-night as though there was any thought of that. In the blaze of the Garden entrance was a scene as tumultuous almost as that of evening at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street. A rather curious and distinctive effect to the throng. Highly metropolitan. A predominating number of the male youths surging about wore caps of the pattern advertised as "the Dempsey." Active, stocky figures, most of them. With an air and a physiognomy which did not incline one to pick a fight with them. And an atmosphere suggesting that in their less strenuous moments they gathered for social intercourse in "parlors" devoted to the game of pool. There seemed to be present a considerable number of noses of the style of architecture described as "pug."

NOW and then a taxi rolled up. And, in a number of instances, the escort who alighted to hand out his lady looked surprisingly like an occupant of a taxi-driver's seat rather than a "fare." Here and there in the throng was a taller, though no less muscular, figure of romantic distinction, suggesting a master at high gaming. Handsomely dressed, immaculately pressed, cane, linen of delicate pink stripes, heavy jowls, flashing rays from cravat, shirt-bosom and fingers.

At the ticket-window a perspiring vendor sold me with most commendable despatch a ticket for "general admission," and with the current I swept through

the shining brass turnstile and passed into the inner division of the lobby, which in jolly outstanding effect fantastically suggested the thronged anteroom of a popular costume dance. Or rather a dance which was so very chic that most of the guests elected to appear in all the natural grace of hardly any costume at all. A great many couples appeared to be, figuratively speaking, "sitting out" the number. Frequent bathing suits were of vivid orange, or purple, or crimson, or of brilliant stripes.

Against the foil

of incoming figures fully clothed feminine limbs sang with a creamy whiteness. There were flippant skirtlets, and no skirtlets. Some wore smart beach slippers. Some affected the dashing effect of stockings rolled below the knee. Some scorned the impediment of any garment to encroach even to the thigh.

Bathing caps ranged in decorative effect from simple oil-skins to boudoiresque creations of wedding-cake ornamentation. Fashions in hair dressing ranging from the natural, flowing-back-over-the-shoulders, mermaid effect, to the bobbed haircut. The cocoanut bob in the case of brunettes, and with blondes the fluffy-curl bob. Mostly lasses, the feminine members of this company, some plump, some lithe, most all solid of flesh, and very taking in outline. Though more than a few sturdy matrons to be seen, also. And here and there a waddling creature, with no perceptible neck and in general of bizarre anatomical structure.

At the left of this crowded lobby a windowed structure labelled "Valuable Room." Beyond, the sign "Gents' Suit Room." Still further on, a wide doorway leading to the men's quarters, through which you saw at the foot of a short flight of steps a huge wooden screen covered with rules of the establishment; top command being that "All bathers are obliged to take shower before entering pool." At the right another wide doorway, with just within another big screen bearing the words "Ladies' Department." And a little further along on this side another queue, composed altogether of flappers very fetchingly attired, leading up to a ticket booth on which was painted the admonishment, "Girls, learn to Swim. 6 lessons, \$5.00."

Then pushing my way through the jam I passed on into the great auditorium of the Garden. "Nature," observed Mr. Whistler, "is always wrong." He meant, of course, that to obtain the harmony of perfect beauty the artist has to rearrange matters upon his canvas. In other ways, too, Nature sometimes seems to be very perverse. She puts the seashore, for instance, an unhandy and expensive distance from where most people live. I had not myself felt that I could have endured the journey to any of the beaches to-night.

Mr. Rickard, like Whistler, takes Nature in hand. He brings the seashore, or at any rate a wondrous approximation of it, into the heart of the great town. A spectacular scene of thousands of bobbing heads stretched away for the distance of the width and length of a city block before me. Great splashes of



There are hundreds just like these on every side.

dancing silver moonlight on the expanse of water. In the far distance an alluring background: a cascade of iridescent waterfall like a distant Niagara pouring into the region of water below, a glimpse beyond of the greenery of trees peeping over it, and at either end of the cascade a group of smart seashore cottages.

Near the center of the amazing scene a rowboat with a brawny oarsman rocks up and down. Down long "slippery-slides" far away near the ends of the cascade shoots swimmer after swimmer, into the joyous bath. High in the air on each side at the middle of the spectacle rises a skeleton steel tower from which divers one after another take off to turn gracefully in the air and disappear in a splash of foam far below.

AROUND the edge of the huge auditorium on three sides remains the open boxes of the old Garden, they and the aisle before them dark with figures, and rising beyond them several tiers of spectators blending in the distance like vegetation on a wall. Upward straight above the water the twinkle of stars. And ringing through all the great place a rousing fanfare of sound merged together in one vibrating wave of calls, whistles, cheers, laughter, applause, squeals, yells, with the swish of the cascade adding to the rest a good deal the effect of the voice of the surf.

A pistol shot. A general movement toward the strip of darker water across the middle of the great pool, the diving space. It's a race. Four male swimmers plunge off from the natatorium retaining wall and once across this deeper section and back again flash four rapidly revolving

(Continued on page 200)



Where the Magic of Modern Amusement Enterprise Has T

Penshots of the Pool in Madison Square Garden



ON another side of the historic auditorium embryo Annette Kellermans pose statuesquely for a brief space on the tip of the spring-board, then shoot like arrows into the deeper diving area that extends across the center of the pool. . . . "and ringing through all the great place is a rousing fanfare of sound, merged together in one vibrating wave of calls, whistles, cheers, laughter, applause, squeals, yells, with the swish of the cascade adding to the rest a good deal of the effect of the voice of the surf."



"Along the broad aisle at the back of the seats, a man in a top hat and a woman in a long dress are seated at refreshment tables. . . . Out near the platform on stilts and on a stage is a statue of a woman in a long dress."



Has Transplanted the Seashore into the Heart of Manhattan

Drawn from Life for Leslie's, by WALTER JACK DUNCAN



the back of the seats are smoking, chattering groups of mixed
... Out over the center, close by the diving section, rises a
lts and on this is stationed another observant life guard."



"BEYOND the greenery of the trees peeping over it, and at either end of the cascade, is a group of smart sea-shore cottages. . . . Down the long 'slippery-slides,' far away near the ends of the cascade, shoots swimmer after swimmer, some headlong, some feet first, into the joyous bath. High in the air at the water's edge on each side of the spectacle rises a skeleton steel tower from which divers, one after another, take off to turn gracefully in the air and disappear in a splash of foam below."

Manhattan's Wettest Spot—(Continued from page 197)

ing arms in surrounding foam. Then a hub-bub of applause.

I had been here before, this afternoon, but there was not then such a crowd as this. Even though a "swimming meet" had been presented, the girls of "Selwyn's Snapshots vs. The Broadway Whirl." Most picturesque and entertaining it was, too. The bevy of damsels did not dive off in regulation manner. They ranged themselves in a long line one close behind another astride the coping of the retaining wall, the legs and arms of each (except, of course, the one in front) wound around the one before her. Then at the crack of the pistol the line tumbled sidewise into the water in one body. After this performance an aquatic hero from the Panama Canal gave an exhibition of exceedingly fancy diving.

In the forenoons, I understand, special attention is devoted to young children whose parents desire them taught the proper methods of swimming, floating and diving, and for whom special instructors are provided.

I MOVED along the promenade before the blue painted boxes, being careful not to step on anybody's bare toes. Thus close to the water you see the fun more in detail. I pass, amid the crush of spectators circulating about, a policeman and a Catholic priest. A very small child clad only in a chemise darts in and out ahead of me attempting as it goes to refresh itself from a nursing bottle. An attendant who looks like a picture in *Judge* of a janitor is mopping the aisle.

There is a little screech from one of the young women bathers seated facing the pool on the coping. A humorously inclined masculine friend has just attempted to put something cold down her shapely back. Then he waggishly seeks to twist her arms behind her. She squirms and giggles and topples into the water.

Down in the pool you occasionally see a pair of flashing legs waving in the air. A jolly, burly bather is taking an infant in wee trunks for a ride on the back of his neck. Here, standing on the wall coping and scrutinizing the pool, is a figure in white duck trousers and with the arms and shoulders of a champion super-heavyweight wrestler, across the front of his white bathing shirt the words "Life Guard." The oarsman in that boat out in the center you observe now is also a life guard.

There in the pool two gleeful youths are "ducking" a yelling girl, her luxuriant earbuns flapping out from beneath her bathing cap. Yonder in the water a slender feminine bather is climbing up a sturdy fellow as though he were the trunk of a

tree. Out near the center close by the diving section rises on stilts a short distance above the water a platform; from one corner of the rail about it hangs like a giant white doughnut, a life belt, and on the platform is stationed another observant life guard.

I mount the steps leading up past the boxes and take a seat, a very damp seat, as it turns out—and as, you soon discover, most of them are likely to be. A short way down in front of me is seated an enormously corpulent man, coat off, palm-leaf fan gently waving in hand, cigar tilted upward in one corner of his mouth, hugely enjoying the spectacle. Looked strikingly like a Gibson drawing, this gentleman, of an inveterate baseball fan on the bleachers.

A few seats along, a couple of fresh-faced, silver-haired, curiously shapen, bespectacled old ladies, very much suggesting visitors from afar. Passing up the aisle, a portly, very dignified, very prosperous-looking gentleman of New York broker type, in an immaculate Palm Beach suit, and accompanied by a fashionably dressed lady wearing a white satin picture hat. In a nearby seat a young woman in a one-piece bathing suit and shell spectacles, her knees drawn up and feet on the chair-top in front of her, smoking a cigarette. Her companion, a well-favored youth wearing his hair in that brushed-flat-back-from-the-forehead style. Not far away, a severe-looking, spinsterish female, presumably a reporter, taking notes. Strolling about here and there a dapper young man, cane hooked over arm, *Vanity Fair* type of moustache, Cluett-Peabody-collar-advertisement cast of features.

Along the broad aisle back of the seats smoking, chat-



"A great many couples appeared to be, figuratively speaking, 'sitting out' the number."



All of the feminine patrons are, alas, not entirely symmetrical

tering groups of mixed sex at refreshment tables, some in street costume, some in bathing costume, others arrayed in a combination of both costumes.

A more leisurely attention to the particulars of the scene discloses a number of unimportant facts. Such as that the trees beyond the waterfall are painted upon canvas, the smart seashore cottages are stage properties, being only fronts of cottages, the silver moonlight on the water comes from large chandeliers high aloft. The stars above, however, are quite authentic. A central portion of the roof is open to the sky. And through this open place you now observe a very curious yellow moon looking down—a brightly lighted

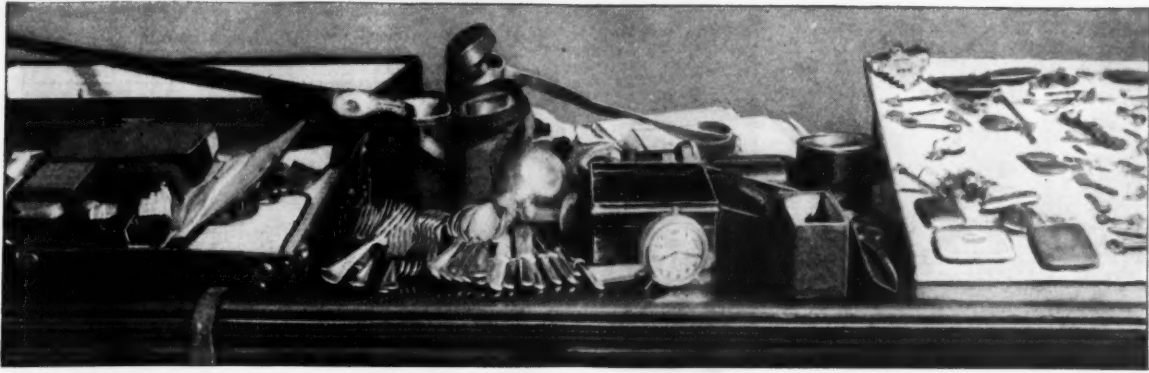
office window only a few yards off across the way.

As I passed out of the auditorium into the lobby again I came upon a fellow in an alpaca coat and without a hat. Yes, he was connected with the place. And he obligingly told me a number of things. Cost \$250,000 to establish the pool. Largest and most hygienic fresh-water swimming pool ever installed within a permanent, roofed structure. Covers an area of more than 300,000 square feet. Contains 1,500,000 gallons of water when filled.

Floor of pool has a graduated slope toward the center. At the Madison avenue end an initial depth of three feet. The Fourth avenue end, a portion reserved for, as he put it, "ladies and kiddies," starts with a depth of about two feet. An existing tunnel transversing the center of the Garden had been utilized in the development of the diving and water polo pool, fifteen and a half feet deep. The latest adaptation of the ultra violet ray was used in filtering and sterilizing the water. A system of vacuum cleaners was provided for the cleaning of the walls and floor of the pool while still full of water.

Some 3,000 private dressing-rooms; 2,000 steel lockers in the general dressing-rooms; 6,000 bathing suits for both sexes provided, 1,000 more for the children. A special electrical washing and drying machine for cleansing them. Open until after midnight in order that parties may enjoy a plunge after the theater. On the box fronts—he took me back to show me: on the box fronts along the entire circumference of the arena a duplicate of the Thorwaldsen

(Concluded on page 210)



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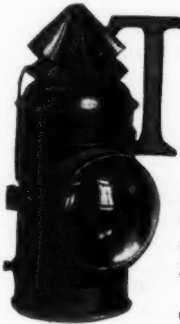
A "haul." It was obtained in New York City by light-fingered gentry operating in hotels. The cleverest criminals of to-day no longer break into houses or crack safes. Instead, by faking references and resorting

to many and varied stratagems they endeavor to work their way into financial strongholds where they can steal at their leisure. Bond thefts have been unusually numerous lately all over America—especially in Wall Street.

THE RISE IN BURGLARY

The H. C. of L. Affects Thieves, Too—Their New Fangled Ways—

By RICHARD BARRY



INTERNATIONAL

THE heads of the burglary insurance companies furnish some really startling data about the increase in thievery since the war. According to them it has about tripled in two years.

The Commissioner of Police, however, has a rather convincing story of the efficiency of his men, and, while he admits that the amount of loss is on the increase, he denies that the condition is extremely alarming, or that his department is unable to cope with the situation. According to him, "thieving is just where it always has been—a 1½ per cent. peril."

In this dilemma, and to get the "low-down," the "inside," the simon-pure, unadulterated truth from the one source in a position to know the actual facts in the case, I went to a certain penitentiary and called on a man I have long known, who is serving a rather heavy sentence for holding up a shop on the outskirts of a large city. In this instance, to protect this convict, I conceal his identity. He is an experienced, professional criminal, with the gift, as you will see, of insight and articulation.

"This new crime wave," said he, "has features that are very repugnant to an old-timer like me. As you know, I have never hurt a human being, though I have committed over 300 hold-ups and burglaries. In fact, I never fired a gun at a man, though I usually carried a gat or two for show purposes. I was brought up, from the time I was a boy yegg, to

believe it was unprofessional to injure anyone. The only times I was ever caught was because I would rather go before a judge than shoot.

"But times have changed. Now the boys shoot, and they shoot first, and they shoot to kill. I am absolutely disgusted with them. There have been any number of cases recently in which the stick-up went in and shot down people in cold

blood. In Decatur, Ill., last month, two fellows went into a bank in broad daylight and never even asked the teller to put up his hands, but slaughtered him, without a word of warning, and in the back, too.

"Things like this are happening all the time, all over the country. It seems as if the stick-ups would rather take a life than not. It has demoralized the whole business. I'm a sufferer from it, in a way. The judge gave me the legal limit, twenty-five years. All I had nicked was \$240 and had not harmed the shopkeeper in the least. Besides, they got the money back. That made no difference. They put me away for what may amount to a life sentence. Now, don't think I'm making a personal holler. I'm only pointing out to you the effect my sentence and others like it are having on the boys. The judge said he gave me the limit as a lesson to others and because burglary was on the increase.

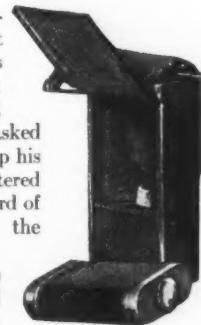
"Result? Burglary doesn't lessen and murder increases. The boys argue this way. (Mind, I have no truck with them, and despise them because they lack art in their work, but this is their side of it.) They figure they'd as soon be electrocuted or hung as be sent up for twenty-five years. So killing is not a deterrent.

"Of course, you must remember that these are new criminals. They are not the old-time professionals. They are boys under twenty-five and they can't be



KEYSTONE

The men who "blew" this safe have departed in haste, but, unfortunately for them, they have left behind them some of their finger-prints. The tell-tale marks are being photographed.



INTERNATIONAL

philosophical about spending the best years of their youth in prison.

"But another element enters into their ferocity. If they haven't actually been in the trenches during the war (and some of them have) they have read and heard all about the war. They are suffering like the whole world from seeing millions of men slaughtered, and often in cold blood. They don't feel about human life like us old-timers did. It's cheap, and if nations don't value it, why should they?"

"However, none of this is really at the base and foundation of the new crime wave, as you writers call it. There was a time when I was rather proud of being a first-class second-story worker. It required agility, quick thinking, and courage, and when I went on a job I risked my liberty, even my life, while I placed no one else in peril of life or limb, and I sought only property of the rich.

"I was also proud of the fact that if caught I wouldn't whine or beg. I never claimed either poverty or temptation as the cause of robbery. I was brought up in the business, or profession as I always called it, from my earliest years and for long I was prosperous. Also I was proud of my standards. I despised anyone who worked a paper trick or took advantage of a friend, and, as I have explained, hurting anyone I always considered highly inartistic and unprofessional.

"Now, the game is entirely changed, and at the bottom of it I place two things besides the war and its lesson of brutality. These two things are the high cost of having a good time, and prohibition. I'm speaking from the stories I gather from fellows sent up for burglary; not the stuff they tell the judge, but what they talk here, among themselves.

"You must remember that boys will be boys. It may not be Sunday-school ideas, but it's human nature to expect that boys of a certain age are bound to go in for a certain amount of dissipation. All red-blooded, normal boys are like that.

"Well, in my time a clerk or a workman could take a five-dollar bill at the end of a week and go off for a bit of a spree and thoroughly enjoy himself, and be back at work again Monday morning not any the worse for it. He usually did that for a few years, until he married, and then reformed (sometimes) and grew up into what you call a good citizen. Nothing bad about him; nothing criminal.

"What does the boy do now who wants a good time at the end of a week's work? What he got for five dollars before the war will cost him now at least \$25. While the cost of living has doubled the cost of a good time has quadrupled.

"Where whiskey used to cost a dollar and a half a bottle, or fifteen cents a drink, it now costs fifty cents to a dollar a drink and eight



© INTERNATIONAL

Quite effective—provided the crook is ever sighted. It is a "sub-machine" gun capable of firing fifty shots in two seconds.

to twelve dollars a quart-size bottle.

"You good people who pride yourselves on the fact that there are no segregated districts any more in the big cities, and that red lights have gone out of fashion, ought to hear the boys talk when they get in here. They tell me that bad women are more cunning, more fastidious, and a dozen times more exacting than ever before.

"That is what makes a lot of your new criminals—prohibition, of all species. You may prohibit but you can't exterminate the instincts of young men. Call them good or bad, as you will, they still exist. After a man has broken the law in getting a bottle of whiskey his general respect for law is broken and he finds it a little easier to break a more important law to get the money to pay for it.



INTERNATIONAL

During the war thousands were initiated into the mysteries of nitro-glycerine, dynamite and other explosives. As a result, to-day no unguarded safe is safe anywhere.

"So, in a way, I am not unhappy to be in prison and thus immune from the disintegration of the times. Present-day conditions have wrecked the honorable old profession of housebreaking, have debased its standards, have made thieves of honest men, and murderers of honest thieves."

So much for the lament of the old-timer. The police would call him a "rough neck." I furnish it as a side-light and yet it forms the body of my report. More conventional is the following table, prepared by a surety actuary, showing the losses paid by the large crime insurance companies in five typical years of the past decade:

Year	Embezzlements	Burglaries
1910	\$1,396,081	\$886,045
1913	2,030,201	1,298,588
1918	3,060,348	2,964,790
1919	4,663,604	5,660,305
1920	8,174,293	7,966,516

The first column represents thefts committed from the "inside," the second those committed from the "outside." However, the second column also contains a number of thefts committed by domestic servants which actually should be credited to the "inside" column.

In studying this table the observation of the police chief should be borne in mind, that from 1913 to 1920 the cost of living more than doubled, and that in the same period the cost of diamonds, precious stones and furs (which form the bulk of most burglaries) more than doubled. Also, that the number of thefts did not grow in proportion to the amount.

At the same time, theft has grown enormously, and especially "inside" theft. Why?

One reason (in addition to those enumerated by the convict above) is that financial institutions have relaxed their vigilance in the employing of help during and since the war.

During the war there was a dearth of male assistance and it was easy for any good-appearing, intelligent man to get an under job in a bank. Previous to that a bank position was one looked upon as extremely desirable and very difficult to obtain. Only men known to the officers, and usually those with social as well as financial connections, were acceptable.

However, this changed with the dearth of help during the war and since the war the bars have remained down for another reason—bank wages in the lesser positions are too low to attract the type of men desired. Forty dollars a week is now top salary for a bank clerk. Most of them get between twenty and thirty dollars a week. Where can you find enough men with intelligence, education, and social connections to fill the multiplied jobs of this kind which need filling?



INTERNATIONAL

The sad, sad fate of some mail sacks from which members of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Train Bandits extracted \$100,000 on an Illinois Central train.

Is it any wonder that a large number of suave-mannered, smart-appearing young criminals have been able to get positions in financial institutions during the past few years, even when they had criminal records?

A case in point. A bonding company was asked recently to assure a newly hired bank clerk. The company's investigator called on the young man and recognized a criminal who had just finished serving sentence in another State. He had successfully got by the bank's employing manager.

Many instances of this kind have happened during the past year. If a man will take \$20 or \$25 a week without murmur, and if he seems capable and well dressed, it is easy to get a bank job today.

Of course references are always required, but it is easy to fake these. One criminal recently apprehended after being hired had had printed letter-heads of banks in other cities, with faked names of officers, and had written his own references. The bank officials had accepted these without further query.

Here are a few instances of recently apprehended "inside" jobs, in each of which the man had been taken on without sufficient inquiry into his references:

(a) A mercantile house employed a man who answered a "help wanted" ad. He appeared willing, strong, intelligent and his written references satisfied the employer without further investigation. He took home each night a truck load of goods, and did this eleven times before he was caught. It was then found he was an escaped convict.

(b) A clerk in a packing-house recently

disappeared with \$1,400 of the firm's money. If the people who employed him had thoroughly investigated him they would have discovered that he had previously stolen \$95 and an automobile from another packing-house.

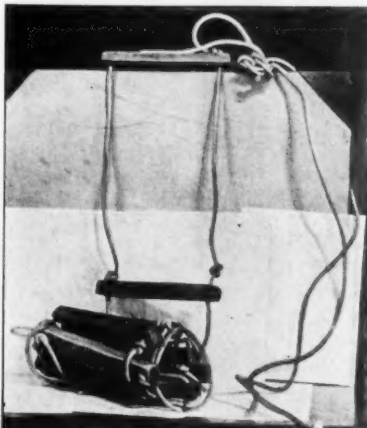
(c) A hotel took on a clerk who said he had seen service during the war. For nearly a year he was a model employee. Then he was caught robbing the guests and at his trial it was revealed that his war "service" had been done in Atlanta and Leavenworth.

The remarkable thing about these cases (similar to hundreds of others) is the fact that the houses were of the highest standing. Before the war none of them would have hired such men. When I asked the official of a bonding company what he considered the one chief cause of this condition he said, without hesitation:

"The delusion that exists among most employers that they are good judges of human nature. The majority of employers feel perfectly confident of their ability to 'size up' men. They are resentful when it is suggested that they may be taken in. They forget that the crooks of to-day are ingratiating, smart, intelligent, and that even the cleverest detectives are often deceived."

After discussing the new crime with the three different authorities, i.e., the insurance men, the police and the crooks, I come to this conclusion. It has two aspects that distinguish it from the age-old crime of the period before the war.

First, "inside" work is on the increase. The professional criminal no longer devotes himself to the study of methods of cracking safes and of jimmying his way into well-guarded strong rooms. Nothing new has been revealed requiring ingenuity, in the past two years, while in "inside" work the criminal has shown inventive skill. The kid-gloved methods are easier and less risky. The "inside" worker devotes himself to the faking of references, and to playing the long game



INTERNATIONAL

This rope ladder, used by a notorious "second-story" man, is among the most interesting exhibits at New York Police headquarters, where somewhat similar articles are coming in at an unprecedented rate.



KEYSTONE

Once the police could make their night rounds in comparative safety. Only occasionally did they encounter desperate criminals who would actually use weapons. Today the crooks are shooting—and they are shooting to kill.

that will eventually plant him within the financial fortress.

Second, the "outside" work is becoming more violent and more audacious. The increased use of drugs undoubtedly assists in deadening the physical nerves of daring crooks. The man who recently let himself down seven stories from the roof with a rope and swung his way into an unguarded window where diamonds were kept was under the influence of "coke" in doing an act which would have startled an acrobat.

At the present time there is operating in New York a "first-story" worker, not yet caught, though he has committed a dozen or more crimes in the heart of the uptown fashionable East Side residence section. (He scorns the traditional "second story.") He watches the "spotted" house and learns the habits of its occupants. Then, awaiting their accustomed hour of absence, he walks boldly up to the front door, jimmies a way in, and then goes calmly about his work. In one instance he even had the nerve to pull down the blinds after he got in, so he could not be observed from the street.

He got away, in this instance, without capture with \$6,000 worth of jewels. He has stolen in six weeks over \$100,000. He takes nothing but money and gems. This is thought to be the man who recently entered Vincent Astor's home.

If molested or frightened in their work these men shoot to kill.

Civilization, education, improved penological systems have not lessened crime. Rather, like everything else, it is, in the words of the convict, "on the up and up."

AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

Nature Studies by W. E. HILL



"What seems a locust's croon to be is but a motor-cycle passing by."

THE HAPPILY AFFLICTED POET

*I hear the locust's drowsy croon,
Beginning low, beginning low;
Capping the climax of repose,
This hazy, lazy August noon;
And as I list, it louder grows—
Fortissimo, fortissimo.*

*Oh, insect, thanks! And thanks again;
You soothe me so, you soothe me so.
Calming the nerves of restless nights,
Lulling to dreams this fevered brain;
Unseen, among the leafy heights,
Now loud, now pianissimo.*

*P-s-s-s-s-t! Do not mar the poet's ecstasy
This August noon (or is it still July?).
He's deaf; what seems a locust's croon to be
Is but a motor-cycle passing by.*

ADVANCE reports are pessimistic about the future of warfare since science has reduced it to a matter of competitive infection via poison gas, disease germs and contagion-laden rodents. Perhaps some ultimate Tennyson may thrill generations yet unborn with a "Charge of the Lice Brigade." Perhaps, in some future all-star revival of "Robin Hood," the armorer's song may be changed to the scientist's song, and sung in senile treble as follows:

*Oh, the rat is the weapon
to conquer fields;
I honor the man who
directs 'em;
But what is the man who
the rat-trap wields
Compared with the lad
who infects 'em?*

What a laughably obsolete thing is a broadsword; too laughably obsolete, in a little while, for even a comic opera.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

THAT first meal at the summer boarding house (or inn, if it makes you feel any better), what an ordeal it is! Especially if it is dinner, as it usually is, and it happens to be a scorching night. You feel strange and stiff and painfully on your good behavior. You have been led to a table in the center of the dining-room, where you are completely surrounded by people you don't know, and don't want to know. Yet you are so conscious of their presence, and so tense in your efforts to act as

though you weren't, that the appearance of hot soup, usually beef and tomato, brings perspiration out upon your forehead like pearl tapioca. Your face is red, you know it is, and you have been mopping it with your clinched handkerchief much too often for a person who is supposed to have himself under proper control. As for your wife, she is suffering intensely, too, but holding it down and contenting herself with saying, "How excessively warm it is in here. Norman, let me fix your collar." Whereas you feel that if you get as far as dessert without having a fit right there on the dining-room floor, you will be lucky.

... Well, well, you soon get over it.

To-morrow you will begin to get acquainted, and in a day or two, you will come into the dining-room, bowing to everybody right and left. A day or two more and you will be saying, "Gosh, I'm not going to dress for dinner; I'm going in just as I am." And if the soup is more than ordinarily hot, you'll fan yourself with the spoon in sight of everybody and get a reputation for being a comedian. While your wife says to the people at the adjoining table, "I've given up trying to teach him manners." By the end of the first week, your wife will be used to hearing Mrs. Kittenish shriek, "Oh, Mrs. Polloi, I wish you'd make your husband stop; he's teasing me." While you caper about the inn porch in your tennis shoes, ecstatically conscious of being the self-made life of the party.

... But it will soon be over, incredibly soon. There will come the last day. And your particular crowd will group themselves unnaturally about the sundial, squint till it hurts in the face of a blinding sun, and be snapshotted amateurly for winter firesides. When the bus comes, the ladies will kiss all around, and you will sneak a kiss from Mrs. Kittenish, who will chase you and slap you. And the ladies having exchanged cards, you will vow for the twentieth time, all of you, to continue the summer intimacy during the fall and winter because it will be so jolly to go to the theater together and to play bridge.

... And you know darn well you won't.



"And your particular crowd will group themselves unnaturally about the sundial, squint till it hurts in the face of the blinding sun, and be snapshotted amateurly for winter firesides."



The new "super-gun." One exactly similar to it—but larger—would be capable of hurling a five-ton projectile a distance of between two and three hundred miles.

NOW, CAN WE SHOOT THE MOON?

The Recent Perfection of a Super-gun Suggests Amazing Possibilities

By HERWARD CARRINGTON, Ph.D.

AN extraordinary invention has just been announced by Dr. Miller Reese Hutchison, formerly Chief Engineer to Thomas A. Edison, by means of which it is possible to shoot a shell through a steel plate, three-quarters of an inch in thickness, without the slightest sound, with no smoke, and without any recoil,—such as that usually observed in a high-velocity rifle or gun.

It might well be termed a super-gun, since it has been calculated that it is possible by an instrument similar to that now used (only larger in scale) to propel a five-ton shell from two to three hundred miles! This would, of course, make the range and size of shell propelled by the "Big Bertha," used by the Germans in the bombardment of Paris, relatively small and insignificant in comparison. For, instead of propelling an eight-inch shell seventy-five miles, the present super-gun, when perfected, will be enabled to propel a shell approximately six feet in length more than four times as far!

This shell, it is estimated, will have a muzzle velocity of five miles or more a second. This opens up a very interesting question of what would happen to such a bullet if merely shot into the air, or if it missed its objective and simply continued traveling. Thus, it has been estimated that if a shot were fired horizontally from

a gun at a speed of 26,100 feet a second it would travel completely round the earth in one hour and twenty-three minutes and hit the back of the gun which had discharged it! The reason for this being that the velocity of the bullet or shell would exactly counterbalance the pull of gravitation of the revolving earth and therefore fail either to drop or rise.

A shell fired at a velocity of less than 26,100 feet, of course, falls to the earth in due time. One fired at a velocity greater than this, on the other hand (and 5 miles a second equals 26,400 feet a second) should, if this theory is correct, fly off indefinitely into space in a straight line and, if aimed at the moon, or any other celestial object, hit it.

Hitherto the attainment of any such enormous speed has been impossible. Jules Verne dreamed of it in his famous story of a trip to the moon, and an astronomer has offered lately to become a

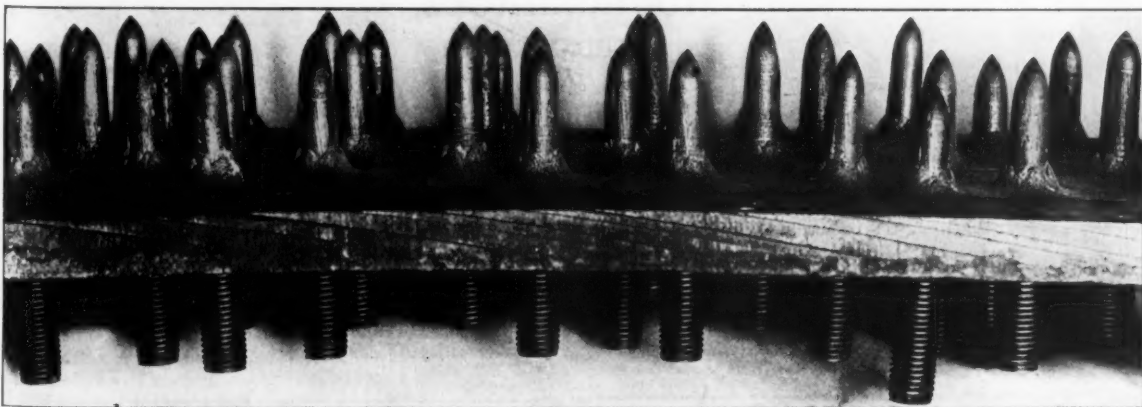
passenger to Mars if someone would provide the gun and the specially constructed shell to shoot him there. The invention of Dr. Hutchison's gun, however, suggests the possibility that an interesting test of a shell which can be shot into outer space may one day be undertaken.

But to get back to facts:

So far, the shell perfected and actually used by Dr. Hutchison in his demonstrations of the gun is geared for less startling uses and is little larger than the shell used in a high-powered rifle. Its velocity is capable of being regulated, however,



Dr. Miller Reese Hutchison operating the new piece of ordnance invented by Robert Temple, an Englishman.



PHOTOS PHOTO SERVICE LABORATORIES, ORANGE, N. J.

What happened to a three-fourths-inch steel plate during a test. It is claimed that the velocity of the projectiles can be regulated so that a tiny "shell" can be made to pass entirely through a target or to stop

as did the shells shown here. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the invention is the absence of smoke and noise when it is discharged. When it is fired only a slight "click" may be heard.

so that it can be made to pass entirely through a steel plate, an inch in thickness, or merely to indent it, or to remain wedged half-way through it, so that it projects on either side of the plate. How this is accomplished is, of course, the secret of its inventor, and cannot be divulged at present to the public.

The most marvelous thing about this new invention is that there is no smoke and no noise whatever accompanying the firing of the shell; a slight "click" is all that can be heard. One can hardly believe that such a deadly velocity can be attained and such power liberated so quietly until one has seen an exhibition of the gun in operation. A short handle, containing a firing pin, such as that shown in the illustration, is all that is required to propel the shell, as the penetration and power depend upon the construction of the shell itself.

The reason why it develops so much greater velocity is due to the application of the principle of burning gunpowder, which does not permit of waste, and in the second place, makes it possible to burn every bit of powder before the projectile even starts to move. The impulse projecting the missile is thus intensified without increasing the chamber-pressure, which, as in the case of most guns of this type, does not, it is claimed,

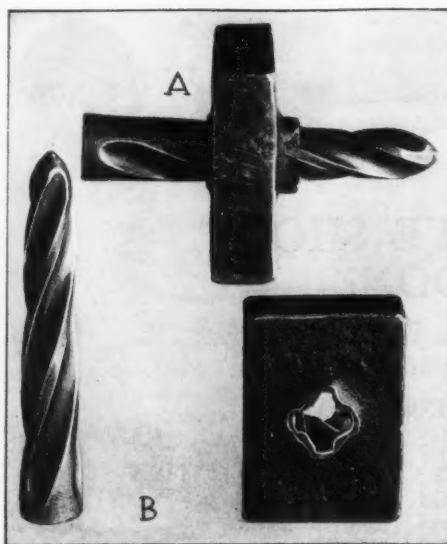
exceed twenty tons per square inch.

One great advantage which these guns possess is that they can be of invaluable service in peace as well as in war. In fact, Dr. Hutchison's chief interest in the present invention is in its use for commercial purposes. An obvious peacetime use is predicated on the fact I have mentioned, that the projectile can be fired in such a way that one-half of it projects on each side of the steel plate

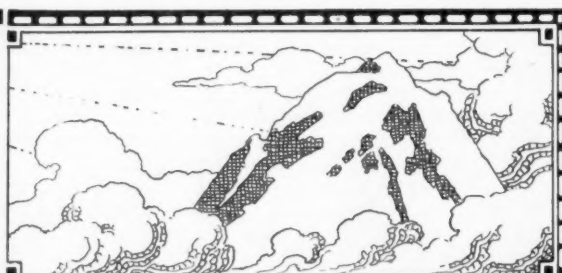
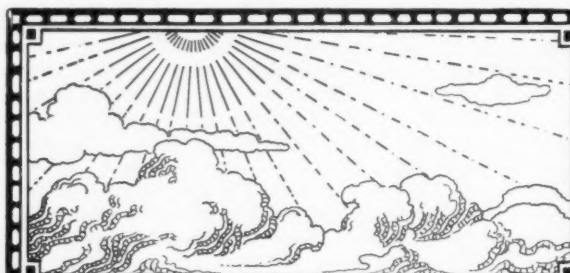
through which it is fired. If the rear end of the shell be threaded, a nut can be screwed onto this end, thereby causing it to function as a stud through the steel plate. The front portion of the shell requires no nut to hold it in place, as it is so tightly wedged into the plate that it cannot be forced back even with the blows of an eight-pound sledge-hammer. With this gun, therefore, studs may be instantaneously fixed in place without the necessity first of boring holes through the steel plate, and patching can be accomplished with extreme rapidity; even underwater, by divers.

A test of this character was made a short time ago, and so noiseless and free from recoil was the powerful machine that the diver believed the shell had not been discharged, and so reported, on being drawn to the surface of the water. When the steel plate was drawn up, however, it was found the shell was wedged through it with great nicety.

A demonstration of the gun was recently made in Dr. Hutchison's office, before Hudson Maxim; Rear Admiral Samuel M. McGowan, U. S. N.; Wm. M. Williams, former U. S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue; Alfred D. Flinn, Deputy Chief Engineer in the construction of the great Catskill Water Supply System for New York; and others.



Three-fourths-inch steel plates and drills which were fired against them with considerable effect.



Mountain-tops

By ANTHONY EUWER

Drawing by the Author

OLD crater-tops! Cloud-bumped! Snow-white!
Our mountains these—all day and night
They show above the ranges. What?
You've never climbed—you've missed a lot!
When you have known the grunts and chills,
The cold, the sweat, the gasps, the thrills,
And winced at dazzling snow reared high
Against a dye of cobalt sky,
And faced the blast that strives its best
To hurl you headlong off the crest,

Seen countless ranges fade into
The whole, vast earth-encircling blue
That holds the rim of the sky's bowl,
And sniffed the clouds and watched them roll,
Close-packed beneath you in the sun, and ride
Like foaming billows at flood-tide—
When you have done these things, you'll speak
With reverence of a mountain peak.
Such friendships last—they're not
Remembered lightly nor forgot.



MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M. E.

Readers desiring information about motor cars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43d St., New York City. We are very glad to answer inquiries free of charge.

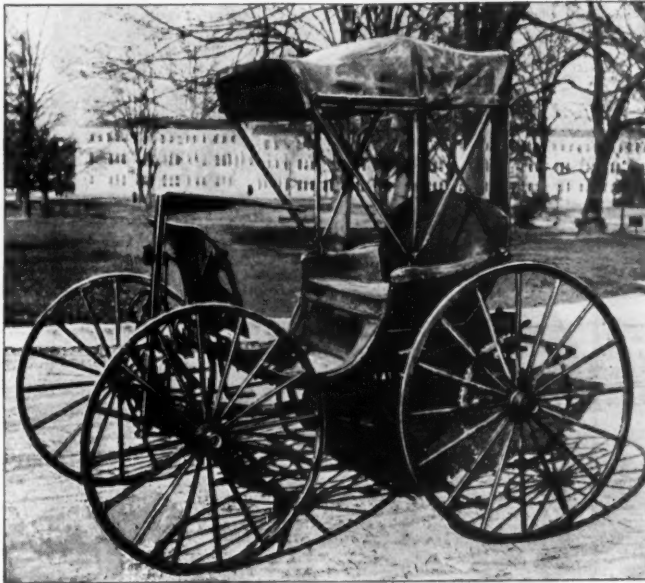
IS THE TENDENCY TOWARD SMALLER ENGINES?

WHEN the recent Indianapolis Speedway race was won in almost record time by cars having engines scarcely one-third the size of those used eight or ten years ago, many motorists predicted that the era of the small engine was at hand. In fact, rumors are rife now that the engines to be used by the contestant of the Indianapolis Speedway race two years hence will be required to be of a capacity even smaller than those recently employed.

Whether the large engine is doomed or not, automotive engineers have learned how to make small engines do the work of those double their size and how to take advantage of refinements in construction and design which nowadays enable one gallon of gasoline to do the work formerly requiring the energy of two. Personally, we feel that there will always be a field for the large, heavy car, propelled by a powerful engine of a size in keeping with the luxuriousness of the vehicle itself. We do not seek to reduce the weight of our Pullman cars, and practically every traveler knows that it is the mass of the heavy cars with steel construction throughout and the effort to substitute strength, stability and endurance for light weight that makes the modern chair car or sleeper so far superior in riding qualities to the old type of wooden day-coach.

The size of the engine is dependent upon three factors; its bore, or diameter of the cylinder, the length of the stroke, and the number of cylinders employed. These three factors can, in turn, be expressed as the "piston displacement," which nowadays represents a fairly accurate measure of the power developed by that engine—or at least piston displacement supplies an excellent method for comparing the size of various engines.

Piston displacement represents the volume of gas or air which would be taken in all cylinders if they could be filled completely during two revolutions (or one cycle) of the crank shaft. In other words, it is the total volume of all of the



INTERNATIONAL

Speaking of the present trend of motor car engines, just gaze on the one above. This vehicle was designed and successfully operated by Charles E. Duryea in 1893 and is a duplicate of the world's first gasoline auto. It is now on exhibition in Washington.

cylinders, with the exception of the piston clearance or compression space.

It is interesting to compare some of the engine sizes of the more popular cars on this basis. The Ford is the smallest, having approximately 178 cubic inches. The largest car is the six-cylinder McFarlan, having a piston displacement of approximately 570 cubic inches. Between these

can be expected from a certain engine when mounted on the chassis for which it was designed.

One of the speediest of the smaller cars is the Essex, and yet its engine is practically of the same piston displacement as the Ford, measuring approximately 179 cubic inches. This car is light, however, and its cost (representing about the price of three Fords) has been devoted to the development of a high-speed, powerful engine. Among other popular four-cylinder cars we find the Hupmobile with a piston displacement of 182 cubic inches; the Templar, 197 cubic inches; the Mercer, 292 cubic inches; the Stutz, 362 cubic inches. When we remember that 188 cubic inches was the limit for the Indianapolis racers, we must also remember that the racing car is absolutely useless for touring purposes, and that its short wheel base, light weight and high gear render it unfit for any purpose except high speed travel on a flat smooth surface.

Among the smaller six-cylinder cars, the Oldsmobile, Oakland and Scripps-Booth have engines of the same size, with about the same piston displacement as the Ford and Essex. From this small size the six-cylinder cars range to the above-mentioned 570 cubic inches of the McFarlan, and include among the larger sizes, 524 cubic inches for the Locomo-

(Concluded on page 211)

DO YOU KNOW:

1. Why tires last longer on steam cars, regardless of the greater unsprung weight?
2. Why aluminum pistons do not accumulate carbon?

Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. Why are cars which are built for export provided with the right hand driver?

The rule of the road in many foreign countries requires drivers of vehicles approaching each other to "keep to the left." This means that the occupant of the right-hand seat can watch the clearance between his car and that of the oncoming vehicle to better advantage, and also can more easily obtain a view of the road ahead when he desires to overtake another vehicle traveling in the same direction. In other words, conditions are just the reverse of what they are in this country, in which the left-hand drive is by far the more popular.

2. How badly does it injure the battery to "reverse" its charge?

The charge of a battery is reversed when the charging current passes into the battery in the wrong direction. This changes the action of the positive and negative plates, causing the one which accumulates the active element to discharge it and vice versa. If this condition is not maintained for an excessive length of time, the normal "polarity" of a battery may be restored. If it is continued too long, however, the plates will be ruined.

How Belfast Greeted Royalty—(Concluded from page 187)

in a Belfast linen factory came to draw their week's wages, they found that 50 cents, a day's wages, had been deducted from their envelopes. They were told that it was for the day of the King's visit, when that factory, like every other establishment in the city, had been closed for the holiday.

Noon, and the King appears in sight, in a burst of cheering. "Queen Square and Albert Square, black with humanity," said a Belfast newspaper the next morning, "led the roar of welcome which greeted the head of the cortege and which rolled along in a mighty wave through High Street and Castle Place in ever-increasing volume until in Donegal Place and the square around the stately Hotel de Ville it reached its climax in a great chorus and the National Anthem."

This, although laudable local pride, is a bit thick. One would certainly hear a louder "roar" on any afternoon when Babe Ruth lines out a four-sacker; and one regrets to say, when the National Anthem was sung and every man in the crowd was supposed to remove his hat, at least one man in three in the crowd beneath us stolidly kept his hands in his pockets and never lifted a finger toward his head.

What on earth could be the matter with the loyal people of Belfast? We puzzled over it till late in the afternoon, when, the King having departed, we were making our way through the thinning crowds. A motor lorry, filled with steel-helmeted British soldiers, mere boys, came up the street. The crowd scattered, to make way; and as the lorry dashed past, the Tommies looked down at the loyal citizenry, grinned, wiggled their rifles mockingly, and stuck out their tongues.

That is all right, in rebellious Dublin or Cork, where they are used to it; but it bothers us in Belfast. We had thought they respected us.

The King, in the meantime, had been received at the City Hall, addressed the Parliament, had been presented with forty-two addresses uttering the gratitude and loyalty of forty-two different delegations, had invested a number of subjects with orders of rank, and had departed. On the following day the Parliament which he had opened met to hold its first

business session. The Lord Lieutenant made an address, somebody replied to it, and the Parliament then adjourned for three months—until September 20.

It had been in session exactly one hour and twenty-six minutes. It had transacted no legislative business whatever. After all the blowing of trumpets and beating of drums, it adjourned almost

amity. But it seems impossible that these will be constituted under pressure from the armed might of England; and if they are constituted, the only reminiscence of this first parliament which was opened in Belfast will be that simple and heart-prompted utterance of the perplexed and good-intentioned King that day: "Let us forgive and forget!"

before it managed to get started.

Expenses:

Cost of sending a dozen battleships from England to Ireland and return . . .	\$
Transportation of 4,000 troops to Belfast and maintenance on this duty for three days .	\$
Elaborate luncheon for 500 notables at City Hall	\$
Decoration of streets and buildings	\$
Repainting Royal Coach, out of use for eighteen years	\$
Gold lace	\$1,000,000
Suspension of all industries in Belfast for one day	\$
Credit:	
Docking Mrs. MacAlexander's wages one day .	\$0.50

The net profit is still to be estimated.

A few days later, the Southern Parliament of Ireland, the one offered to the unruly three-fourths of Ireland, was convoked under orders from London. It was convened in Dublin. Nothing was said about a visit to Dublin by the King.

In fact, nobody worth mentioning went to it. All but a handful of its members had been elected to it while they were still in English prisons or advocating separation from England, or were dodging capture by English troops. The handful elected as loyalists went around to the designated meeting-place, signed the registry book and walked out again, amid the amused cheers of a few curiosity-seekers who had gathered on the opposite pavement. The whole ceremony cost considerably less than that in Belfast, and the net results were equal. Add a formality to a formality and the result is zero.

It may be, that when the warfare between Ireland and England is at last ended and Ireland is left free to settle its affairs by itself, there will still be necessary a parliament for the northeastern corner of Ireland and another for the rest of Ireland, though in



THE FAIRY HANGMAN

By LEON D'EMO

*The golden oriole's swaying nest,
Wistaria for summer dressed,
The lilies-of-the-valley blest,
And everything that swings,
The spider hanging from the twig,
The cherry clusters red and big,
White mulberries on bending sprig,
Are all his fashionings.*

*He hangs in dells the fairy bells
When kelpies fling their fragrant spells
On dangling buckets in the wells,
By goblin, gnome, and nyx.
As soft o'er croft he flies aloft,
His tiny cap is donned and doffed
To fellow fays in tarn, and toft,
And garden, garth, and ricks.*

*He hangs the grapes in clusters blue,
He hangs the limpid dew-drops too,
He hangs the violet's head askew,
That tinges all the dingle.
But when the sun with level ray
Pushes the purple night away,
He vanishes at dawning gray
With morning mists to mingle.*

"Old Valpo" Comes Back

(Continued from page 195)

young people who never met anybody like him at home and would never have got what he gave them from anybody else. Happily for the world, as well as for unfashionable colleges, there are still quite a number of people left who are willing to be "exploited."

With the devotion of a few teachers like this, the hard sense of its two administrators, its economies and hard work, Valparaiso prospered, and up until about the time of the war filled a real need in America's educational life. Then its troubles came all at once. Mr. Brown died, and the founder's intention to turn the institution over to a board of trustees was delayed by disagreements among the relatives. The war took away most of its students and with them—for there was little endowment—most of its income. The younger Brown, who took charge of things, does not appear to have been designed for carrying on his father's torch, and a new order altogether began when he brought in as Dean of the Faculty and later as President, Daniel Russell Hodgdon, A.B., M.A., M.S., M.D., Sc.D., LL.D., Ph.D.

The gentleman of many degrees was of the advertiser-promoter rather than pioneer-school teacher type. He thought and talked in millions ("If anybody ever repeats that word 'vision' to me, I'll shriek!" one of the veteran lady teachers is quoted as saying) and looked apparently to a not far distant day when homespun old Valpo should be a modern university, with magnificent buildings, successful athletic teams (they had never gone in for intercollegiate athletics at Valparaiso) and huge endowments.

These millions were always just over the horizon. When one of the old teachers would suggest that he could easily endure a modest raise, the President, so one is told, would put his arm round his employee's shoulder and pointing to a distant hill, say, "Do you see that site? One of these days we shall put up a magnificent building there—and that will be yours, old man!" Before the dazzled eyes of the Faculty were waved those diagrams of which the modern efficiency experts are so fond—big circles and little circles, connected by all sorts of radii, and appropriately labeled, showing just how it was all to be done.

By way of calling attention to the new Valpo an expert football eleven was polished up, capable in performance even if the amateur status of some of its members left something to be desired, and this team was sent East last autumn to play Harvard. According to the Rock Island papers, the university was actually offered for sale to that Illinois town.

In short, a régime began as different from the old as anything well could be, and one that met the approval of neither Faculty nor students. Dissatisfaction

(Concluded on page 210)



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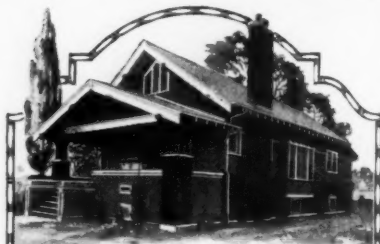
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"Old Valpo" Comes Back

(Concluded from page 209)

increased until finally the Student Council passed a resolution requesting that the Trustees demand the President's resignation. The Student Council overstepped their proper function in making this request, they were reprimanded and several of the ringleaders theoretically dismissed, but their feeling was shared by the Faculty and Trustees and the resignation was, in fact, finally demanded.

In the disputes which preceded this final break, the President frequently referred to his critics as Bolsheviks—first as a sort of joke, later with indignant seriousness—and after he left Valparaiso he elaborated these accusations in interviews and lectures in a way that did both college and town injustice.

The little tempest—big enough to those in the thick of it—was over when I reached Valparaiso; a new acting-president chosen; and Dr. Kinsey, as it happened, had just come back from a two years' retirement to lead chapel exercises once more, and confirm the return so to speak, to the straight and narrow path. With dry Hoosier humor he told of their early economics—how the boys turned over their money to him when they arrived. ("I thought," said one, who wished five dollars, "that you said I could have the money any time I wanted it." "Any time you needed it," corrected the

Doctor.) He spoke of their variegated menagerie—Finns, Lithuanians, Cubans, Japs, Mohammedans, Zoroastrians and goodness knows what, and how well they got on together. And as he brushed aside the charges made against the school and pleaded for continuing the old habits of hard work, plain living and democracy, it was the spirit of an earlier day altogether, of the old school itself, suddenly emerged from the gray blur of the past, to stand up and defend itself.

The Doctor's wife, for forty years his comrade in the school, white-haired now, but still the pioneer schoolma'am with her straight back and keen eye, also sat on the platform, and she spoke, too, and with much the same dry humor. One of the lady teachers from the Music Department, sang "Coming Home" and "Land of Mine," and some wept and everybody applauded, and all sang "America" at the end, and it was a great day for Valparaiso all round.

There was plenty of fighting spirit and hopefulness crackling under the maple shade of the sleepy little town that night. The Government is sending a lot of ex-service men to Valparaiso, and that will help in the present, and the applications for admission are said to be coming briskly in again. In short, Valparaiso seemed to be starting another lap in its novel and useful life.

Manhattan's Wettest Spot

(Concluded from page 200)

frieze depicting the triumphant entry of Alexander into Babylon.

He suggested that I see Mr. Dorgan upstairs for further information. "What is his name?" I inquired. "He's Tad's brother," he explained. "Pleased to meet you," he said at parting.

"Executive Office—Madison Square Garden Sporting Club—Madison Square Garden Corporation—G. L. Rickard." Thus read the board on the wall beside the Twenty-sixth street entrance. I had re-arrived the next morning to see Mr. Dorgan, publicity man for the Garden. I found him at a desk in an office on the second floor.

Madison Square Garden, as everybody knows, had never paid. Particularly has it been a white elephant in the summer. Mr. Rickard and his partner, Mr. Ringling, had taken a ten-year lease from last August. The first six-day bicycle race under the new management had broken all box-office records for races at the Garden. During the first season of boxing contests promoted by the present lessees—twenty-six contests given between September 17 and March 21—the gate receipts had totaled over \$1,300,000. Roller skating and all sorts of things had formerly been tried in the summer. Former managements had contemplated the idea of a swimming pool. But when the cost of such an enterprise had been considered they had dropped the matter.

The pool now going would be continued until about the first of October, after which the Garden would revert to its customary usages. It could be drained of water in six hours. No structural change had been made in the building except in the floor. And the pool floor, with its firm sloping foundation, would afford a graduating base for seats for all contests requiring only a small section of the area for competition purposes.

A man of medium height and build passed with an alert step through the office. He was smooth shaven, smiling, with a network of crow'sfeet about the corners of his eyes indicative of a quick humor. Probably about fifty years of age, though might pass for forty-eight. Close cropped hair. Rather jaunty straw hat. Low turn-down collar. Dark bow tie. Clear white shirt bosom of narrow pleats. Light gray suit. Corner of handkerchief protruding from breast pocket. Mr. Rickard, I learned, sometime of Texas, Alaska and Nevada, partner in a four-million-acre stock-raising ranch in South America, on his way to his office in the tower.

"Nothing ever upsets him," remarked Mr. Dorgan, "when he had the fight and the pool both getting under way at the same time he ought to have been in bed—with appendicitis. Saw a million people every day about all kinds of things. Said he didn't have time to be sick."

Motor Department

(Concluded from page 207)

bile, 454 for the Rolls-Royce, 415 for the dual-valve Pierce, and 340 for the Marmon.

Eight-cylinder cars are not necessarily larger than the 6's. In fact, some of them are smaller than several of the 4's. The largest eight is the Cunningham, with 445 cubic inches, next comes the Daniels with 406, then the Cole with 348 cubic inches, the Apperson with 332 cubic inches, and the Cadillac with 314 cubic inches. The Twin Six Packard with its 425 cubic inches of piston displacement represents an engine size approximately midway between the Pierce and Rolls-Royce with their six-cylinder engines.

We cannot obtain luxury, comfort and performance without power; and to a certain point we cannot obtain power without building our engines of a certain minimum size. We can save weight, however, and wherever we do so the same power will perform more work. Because of the cost of fuel and tires the tendency seems to be toward the development of high speed efficient engines mounted in small light-weight cars. Economy abroad is obtained through the use of this type of engine and a four-speed transmission. This, however, requires more frequent shifting of gears.

Consequently, regardless of the marvelous developments toward light-weight, economical, and efficient engines, we can predict that as long as this country remains prosperous, and the price of gasoline and tires stay within reasonable limits, there will always be a demand for the heavy, luxurious and powerful four-, six-, eight- and twelve-cylinder car, uneconomical though it may be.

DESECRATION

By Louise Saunders Perkins

*LIKE a very precious thing
Bound up in many wrappings,
They have hid the word of Christ
Beneath a mound of trappings.*

*Free as the red earth was his love
And fluid as the sands,
But they have forged the love of Christ,
Into iron bands.*

*They use it now, when hammered
down,
And try to make it bear
Their greed, their hate, their cruelty—
Oh, Christ, how can they dare?*

The author of

This Side of Paradise

F. Scott Fitzgerald

has written a new novel. His masterpiece, "This Side of Paradise," was one of the most talked of books last year—hence one of the best sellers. His new novel will be talked of even more. We venture the opinion it will be the subject of more after-dinner discussions this Summer and Fall than any other book. The title is

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Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions, and in emergencies to answer by telegraph. No charge is made for this service. All communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to the Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43rd St., New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will not be answered.

WHY does business in this country still lag, making but slow improvement as the readjustment period lengthens?

Many explanations have been given. Important among these is the assertion that the banks, by refusing to lend money more freely and at a lower rate of interest, are restricting, if not stifling, enterprise.

But is there at this time and in present conditions any business-quickenning magic in the mere making of loans? Are our financial institutions really responsible for the existing lull in trade? Would action by them counteract the depressing effects of undue taxation, or enlarge the number of buyers of goods?

The two ends of business are production and consumption. The latter is the stimulating and life-giving factor. Without it there could be no exchanges between sellers and buyers. No amount of production would of itself suffice to bring about better times. There must be demand as well as supply. A buyers' strike, such as still exists, does not encourage production; it paralyzes it. Manufacturers might pile up millions of dollars' worth of goods in their warehouses and farmers vast quantities of grain in their elevators, but that alone would not stir the wheels of trade. The consumer is the magician the waving of whose wand puts an end to stagnation, enlivens enterprise and makes possible the riches of prosperity. When consumers are lacking, the producers' occupations are gone, however much money they may be able to command at low interest rates.

To find fault with banks for being prudent in the matter of lending money is usually to talk loosely. Whether the banks are to blame or not must be decided by the facts in the case of each application for a loan. It is possible that in some instances credits have been denied, or offered on only unavailable terms, but that could hardly have been if the security offered was sufficient. Banks are after profits, but they would be unbusiness-like and reckless if they distributed the money of their depositors among incompetent and unreliable borrowers. Sound finance calls for the securing of every dollar entrusted to a bank. Strictures on banks for being reasonably cautious are not well founded.

It is improbable that business men have sought loans just for the purpose of continuing unprofitable production. But if such there have been, banks have wisely turned them down. It would be folly to aid in increasing the quantity of unsalable commodities. It is true that closing of plants throws many out of employment, thus decreasing the general buying power and still further damaging business, but what can be done when those outside of an industry will not, or cannot, buy its output? The situation is somewhat different where goods have already been produced and are still held in the face of a falling market; but unless the chances of recovery in prices are bright, banks cannot safely do much bolstering of such producers. It is often the plain duty of producers to accept losses and liquidate their debts, to banks and others. The farmers who obtained advances on crops which afterwards slumped in value made a futile fight against the economic law when they appealed for more credit, and they had to sell at last for less than they could have got at first. The banks could not by lavish loaning have lastingly relieved the farmers' plight. The experience of the North Dakota banks shows the dangers of being too liberal with deposits.

It is not by dependence on the liberality of the banks that business is to be rehabilitated in the United States. The banks may help on occasion, but the future of the land is mainly to be created by hard work, self-denial and the readjustment of prices all around. When the entire situation has been equalized, the buyers' strike will be declared off and gradually the nation will begin to prosper. Only as rapidly as consumers re-enter the purchasing field will business expand and grow profitable.

Every instance in which readjustment has taken place may be hailed as a good omen. Such instances are becoming more numerous and they will multiply as time passes. The cutting of prices of steel products has had a good influence. When the colossal steel industry reaches the right basis, to which its far-seeing captains are steadily bringing it, we may expect a very distinct quickening of business in general. The railroads' prospects have already markedly improved.

Cars Are Now at Their Lowest Prices

The last two months have brought decided revisions in the prices of automobiles. Many which had not previously been reduced dropped from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. Not since the war have prices been so low.

It is useless to anticipate further declines in automobile prices; in fact, costs may be increased. Now is the time to buy.

There are many excellent values available to the man with \$500 or \$5000 to invest in an automobile. But the best car made for some conditions may not prove satisfactory under others. The Motor Department of LESLIE'S WEEKLY will furnish readers with unbiased, expert advice free of charge. Use the coupon below, filling out all of the blanks in order that we may advise you thoroughly.

COUPON

HAROLD W. SLAUSON, M.E.

Manager, Motor Department

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

225 Fifth Ave. New York City

I am considering the purchase of a car to cost about \$.....and am especially interested in one of the(make)(type)

My requirements for a car are as follows:

Capacity

Type of body

Driven and cared for by {selfchauffeur

Kind of roads over which car would be used.....I have owned other cars of the following makes:

The following cars of approximately the type in which I am interested are handled by dealers in my territory.

Please advise me as to the car best suited to my requirements.

Name

Address

L-8-13-21

With their forces once more well in hand and actively combined, the railroad and steel industries could lift the whole country out of the pit of stagnation.

Answers to Inquiries

B., DANBURY, CONN.: The Consolidated Shipyard Co.'s initial semi-annual dividend was paid in July, 1920. I prefer the shares of a company that has been longer in business and has had an extended record of dividend paying.

R., PAULSBORO, N. J.: The fact that British investors were seeking to buy \$10,000,000 worth of Cities Service securities firmed the market for those issues. A better oil market would more lastingly benefit the company's stocks.

R., SCRANTON, PA.: The only stocks in your list that appear worth while averaging on are Bethlehem Steel and American Sugar Refining. These two pay dividends and it looks as if they might continue to do so, even if they should have to cut the rate.

S., CHICAGO, ILL.: The Reo Motor Co. has been prosperous and a dividend payer, but it has been affected by the depression in the motor car trade. The Noble Oil & Gas Co. not long ago issued new bonds and passed its preferred dividend. The common stock sells at only 17 cents, showing that the future of the company is doubtful.

W., BRIGHTON, MICH.: It looks better to hold your \$200 shares of Pennsylvania R.R. stock than to sell it at a sacrifice of over \$20 a share. With the promised improvement in the railroad situation, railroad stocks should rise in value and even if you cannot soon get \$55 for your stock, you should get more than the present market price.

C., WHEELING, W. VA.: Gaston, Williams & Wigmore stock is only a gamble. It looks as if American Tel. & Tel. will be able to continue paying dividends. As Marland common is not a dividend payer, it is not recommended. Marland preferred pays 10 per cent. on par (\$5) and is a fair business man's purchase. One estimate of the book value of Republic Iron and Steel common is about \$125.

C., NEW HAVEN, CONN.: The decline in the price of copper and the dulness of the market have worked havoc with the copper companies. Out of fifty leading companies only eight are now producing and nearly all have cut or passed their dividends. About the worst seems to have been reached in their case, and any improvement in the business situation should cause copper issues to advance. There is good long-pull speculation in the better class of such stocks.

S., DETROIT, MICH.: The Michigan Sugar Co. has had prosperous days, and has been a good dividend payer, but owing to depression in the sugar industry it has had to cut down returns to stockholders. Some day the sugar business should improve and stocks of better-class companies should sell higher. Continental Gas and Electric Preferred is a fair investment. The company pays dividends on preferred and its reports indicate it earns them by a good margin.

R., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.: The 6 per cent. gold bonds of Mecklenburg County, N. C., are an excellent municipal issue. They aggregate only \$600,000, are exempt from Federal income taxes and are eligible to secure postal savings deposits. The bonds are payable from an unlimited tax on the property of the county, which has the second largest assessed valuation of any county in the State. You can prudently put \$5,000 into these securities. They were offered at prices to yield 6 to 6½ per cent., according to maturity.

L., CHICAGO: As the total bonded debt of the State of Michigan is less than three-fourths of one per cent. of the assessed valuation of property in the State, the new issue of \$15,000,000 State of Michigan twenty-year 5½ per cent. bonds is sound and safe beyond all question. The bonds are exempt from Federal income taxes and taxes in Michigan. They are eligible to secure postal savings deposits and are a legal investment for savings banks and trust funds in New York and other States. The bonds are issued for the purpose of paying bonuses to soldiers. They were offered at a price to yield 5½ per cent.

P., WILMAR, MINN.: Butler Bros stock is a fair business man's purchase, as the concern reports considerable prosperity. Sears-Roebuck is still financially impaired. Don't touch its shares at present. Midvale Steel and U. S. Rubber common have ceased to pay dividends, though the companies are in pretty good financial condition. Great Northern is still paying dividends, but having some difficulty in doing so. None of these stocks is "absolutely safe." Standard Gas and Electric notes and Diamond Match debts. are reasonably safe. Mountain States Power Co. seems to be earning fixed charges, but not dividends, and the surplus is small. Its first and ref. bonds are probably safe, but I would prefer the bonds of a stronger company.

H., RALEIGH, N. C.: Chile 8s and Brazil 8s are undoubtedly safe, the credit of both countries being high. These bonds are listed on the N. Y. Stock Exchange and therefore have a ready market. You can buy them through any broker advertising in LESLIE'S. Other 8 per cent. bonds regarded as safe and sound are Belgian 8s, Denmark 8s and Kingdom of Norway 8s. These issues also are dealt in on the exchange. Liberty bonds are the safest in the world. There are comparatively few bonds paying 8 per cent. on par which come within the "absolutely safe" class and are also readily marketable. Here are some good safe 7 per cent. bonds: N. Y. Central 7s, Great Northern R.R. 7s, Penn. R.R. 7s, Louisville & Nashville 7s, Bethlehem Steel 7s, Investors Bonds and Miller Bonds. I suggest that with her \$2,500 your wife might buy a \$1,000 foreign bond and put the remainder into domestic issues. The Humble Oil bonds are well rated. Island Oil common and Pierce Oil common are both non-dividend long pulls. The chances are more in

The Period of Accumulation

that in the past has usually preceded a cycle of rising security prices, appears at hand.

Our conclusions as to both the immediate and long range market outlook are clearly set forth in a circular that is just off the press.

Copies will be sent free upon request for Circular LW-63.

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Under this Heading

"Free Booklets for Investors"

on this page you will find a descriptive list of booklets and circulars of information which will be of great value in arranging your investments to produce maximum yield with safety. A number of them are prepared especially for the smaller investor and the "beginner in investing."

NOTICE

DOCTOR I. BRING PROSPERITY

prescribes for every man, woman and child who is **nervous** over the future, a minimum dose to be taken every pay day of one

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favor of Pierce Oil. So long as the oil market remains depressed there is no prospect of a rise in the prices of these issues.

New York, July 23, 1921

Free Booklets for Investors

J. S. Bache & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York, will send to any applicant a free copy of the "Bache Review," widely noted for its sound suggestions and valuable information.

The manner in which puts and calls operate in the stock market is clearly explained in booklet L, which will be furnished to any interested party by William H. Herbst, 20 Broad Street, New York City.

Puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange are dealt in by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, who will send their descriptive circular L to anybody upon request.

The G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., of Miami, Fla., has issued an interesting and informing booklet, entitled "A First Mortgage," or "Miami, Fla.—A Sturdy City for Safe Investments." It will be sent to any applicant.

F. L. Wittmeyer & Co., Inc., 42 Broadway, N. Y., announce that through their statistical department they are prepared to give accurate information regarding all active and inactive securities, and thus aid their clients to invest successfully. The firm's "Fortnightly Review" gives impartial advice to investors and traders. It will be sent on request with a booklet describing the company's 24-payment plan. Ask for LW-710.

Public utility securities are rapidly coming back in popular estimation. Many of these provide the soundest of investments. Tested and reliable securities based on utilities serving over 500 cities and towns, and noted for efficient management, are offered by H. M. Bylesby & Co., Inc., 208 S. La Salle Street, Chicago, and 111 Broadway, New York. The favor in which these companies are held is indicated by the fact that they have 25,000 home shareholders. For interesting particulars send to Bylesby & Co. for Special List—L.

Being the oldest financial institution in the Pacific Northwest, the Laid & Tilton Bank of Portland, Ore., has become a leading authority on the resources and the commercial and industrial possibilities of that vast region. All persons desiring data regarding Portland and the Pacific Northwest, and the chance for making money

there, should apply to the bank for information. The bank offers Northwest securities of a high character, appealing to prudent investors. Write to the Bond Department of the bank for its attractive offerings.

An investment account paying 7 per cent. may be started by any individual with his monthly savings. This is explained by the fact that 7 per cent. Investors Bonds can be bought on partial payments, bond interest being paid on all sums deposited. Investors Bonds have become widely popular because of their safety and liberal yield. They are based on income-producing city property. For full details get booklets No. 1-132 of the Investors Company, Madison & Kedzie State Bank, Chicago, or Inter-Southern Building, Louisville, Ky.

Because the market for twenty months has been discounting deflation and prices of stocks are at the lowest level since 1914, and because business conditions show signs of improvement, many observers look for a definite change soon in the price trend. A circular covering the present stock market situation, and revealing many attractive opportunities for investors, has been prepared by Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York. This circular, LW-60, will be sent to any address on request, together with the firm's booklet, "Thrift-Savings-Investment."

A readable story, which conveys a useful lesson to many people, has been published by G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 116 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga. It tells "how Henry Wilkinson became rich although never favored by fortune." Wilkinson doubled his money and doubled it again. The story reveals his method, which has nothing to do with speculation. Miller & Co. deal in real estate bonds, in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, yielding 8 per cent. and obtainable on partial payments. Write to the company for its Wilkinson story and its free booklet, "Selecting Your Investments."

Careful students of Babson's Reports cease to be mere gamblers in the stock market. The reports are based on fundamental statistics and forecast those major movements in the market which occur regularly, and understanding which the investor knows when to buy, when to sell and when to buy again, at proper prices. Such knowledge may at times prove immensely profitable. Interested investors should obtain the recent Babson Bulletin and a valuable booklet, "Getting the Most from Your Money," which will be furnished without charge to all who ask for Bulletin No. H-23. Address Roger V. Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, 82, Mass.



G. R. KING

Enos Mills, the naturalist, once dissected a huge fallen tree and, from the data thus gleaned, wrote its history—a fascinating chronicle in which were described the adventures and misadventures of the forest monarch from the time when it was a seedling, in the Ninth Century. Some day a clever scientist will do the same thing with this wonder—the "Grizzly Giant," in Mariposa Grove, Cal. At present, however, we must rest content with the knowledge that the Western Titan is probably the oldest tree in the world, that it is ninety-four feet in circumference, and that it is likely to live for several hundred years more, at least. This is its latest "portrait."

PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK

Evolution Is Rapid These Days



THERE never has been a time when conditions changed so quickly—when life bettered itself so consistently—when the inventive mind turned so readily to new things that better fill old needs.

New conveniences and comforts are coming in all the time. And the conditions under which all things are made and sold are subject to frequent alteration.

The rapidity of modern commercial evolution vitally affects us all. And especially it affects the purchasing power of our money.

Whether you buy little or much, in order to buy intelligently, you must keep yourself informed. And there is only one way in which you can keep your information up to the minute.

Read the advertisements.

The advertisements are messages from the business world to you. They inform you of all that the world of invention and discovery is doing to make your work easier, your home life more pleasant, your clothing and food problems less difficult.

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It was his need for something that would clean, polish with a permanent, damp-proof glow that brought *Afterglow Satin Finish Polish* into life.

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It was the one thing for his task, since it removed finger marks from the white woodwork, brightened up the brass fittings, polished the mahogany panellings and furniture.

It did all this and did it well.

Afterglow Satin Finish Polish has suspended

in its composition a number of qualities—all perfectly balanced, each performing a certain function.

It cleans, "feeds" and preserves any painted surface.

It puts new life into the finest furniture or cabinetwork, bringing out the beauty of the grain, leaving a glowing, lasting finish.

Absolutely harmless, *Afterglow Satin Finish Polish* removes ink, dirt, finger marks, as well as the blue streaks caused by dampness.

It cleans and polishes white woodwork, pianos, victrolas—all fine woodwork; porcelain, brass or nickel, mirrors, windows, windshields.

Afterglow leaves a finish that is lasting and permanent.

Try it and you will use no other.

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